POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

ALICE YAPP SAW HER MISTRESS POURING SOMETHING FROM ONE BOTTLE INTO ANOTHER.

Vol. I.—No. 8.

O, she is fallen
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea,
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—Act IV., Sc. I.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days after her husband's great act of generosity mentioned in our last chapter, Mrs. Maybrick went out shopping, and called on a chemist named Wokes. She explained to the assistant in the shop that she found the flies very troublesome in her kitchen, and purchased a dozen fly-papers. The chemist made a note of the purchase, as it seemed rather early in the season for flies to be about; he could not, however, fix the date of the purchase, beyond making sure that it was between April 17 and 25.

On the latter date one of the servants at Battlecrease House, named Brierly, a housemaid, went into Mrs. Maybrick's dressing-room to do some cleaning, and saw there a small hand-basin standing inside a larger one, and covered over with a towel folded up. Her curiosity was aroused, for she was a true daughter of Eve, and she lifted the towel to see what was in the little basin. What was her astonishment when she found that the mysterious vessel contained nothing more than a dozen fly-papers soaking in water!

She examined them carefully, wondering the while what on earth a lady could want with wet fly-papers, and then, replacing the towel, she went about her work.

Later in the day she told a fellow-servant—the nurse, Alice Yapp—that her mistress had set a bundle of fly-papers to soak in her hand basin, and remarked that she could not make out what they were wanted for. Alice Yapp thought that the girl had made some foolish mistake, and went up to the dressing-room to see what was really the case, with a view to chaffing the housemaid in a friendly manner about her error. However, she found that the girl had made no mistake, and dismissed the matter from her mind. That evening a bundle of wet fly-papers was found in the pantry by the parlour maid, who took them down to the kitchen, where the cook burnt them.

Lifted the towel to see what was in the little basin

On April 27 the whole household was very much upset, as Mr. Maybrick was taken suddenly ill. He was compelled to go to bed, and was attended assiduously by his wife. From time to time he suffered from pains in his stomach, but his chief symptoms were numbness and stiffness of the limbs and acute nervousness, accompanied by slight palpitation of the heart. Mrs. Maybrick treated him with mustard and water, which did not improve his condition at all, and he grew weak very rapidly.

As he did not seem any better next morning, Sunday, Alice Yapp suggested that a medical man should be called in, and Mary Cadwallader, the parlourmaid, was sent to fetch Dr. Humphreys at half-past ten in the morning. He came and prescribed for his patient, who attributed his attack to a strong cup of tea which he had drunk shortly before he was taken ill. In the doctor's opinion, the symptoms were not inconsistent with acute indigestion, caused by the tannin in over-brewed tea, aggravated by nervousness, which might well be caused by the same draught, so he prescribed some simple remedies, and went off to his other patients.

The medicines seem to have done Mr. Maybrick good, for on Monday, April 29, he was so much better that Mrs. Maybrick felt justified in leaving him for a little while to go shopping. While out she visited Chapman's, a chemist's shop, and again alleging that the flies were most troublesome in the kitchen—as, indeed, they must have been to have exhausted twelve fly-papers in so short a time—she purchased two dozen more.

came into the kitchen and said she would finish it herself"

On Tuesday, Mr. Maybrick, though still rather weak, felt well enough to go down to his office in Liverpool to see after his business, but he did not feel equal to lunching at a restaurant, and accordingly had some food prepared at home and brought to him about midday. For the next two days he was able to go to Liverpool as usual, but still had his food sent from home. On Wednesday it consisted of some Du Barry's Revalenta, an invalid food which was at that time very popular with the medical profession. The Revalenta was poured into a jug by Mrs. Maybrick and covered over by her. The jug was never used again, but was carelessly washed by the maid, who left some of the food adhering to the rim. Next day's lunch consisted of some beef-tea, which was sent to the office, and Mr. Maybrick sent Lowry, one of his clerks, out to buy an earthenware pan or crock, in which to warm it. After eating it he was taken violently ill, and never again entered his business

premises. The earthenware crock, with its unfinished contents, was left in the office.

Mrs. Maybrick attended her husband all night, and on the morning of May 4 Dr. Humphreys was again summoned to see Mr. Maybrick. He found him very ill indeed. He could retain nothing whatsoever, and at times suffered violent pains in his stomach, while he complained of a loss of power in his limbs and a sensation of numbness, which added to his discomfort. The doctor ascribed the violent vomiting to a dose of morphia, but when he found that it was persistent he gave up that opinion, and altered the treatment.

Towards evening Mr. Maybrick became so much worse that Alice Yapp proposed to his wife that another doctor should be called in in consultation, but Mrs. Maybrick would not hear of it, remarking:

"Oh, it is only his liver! All doctors put these things down to liver, as it covers a multitude of sins." So no extra advice was sought for the sufferer, who was watched momentarily by his wife.

The next day was Sunday, and the patient's condition had in no way improved. He took a fancy to some arrowroot for his dinner, which the cook, Humphries, was told to prepare for him. She started getting it ready, but before it was cooked Mrs. Maybrick came into the kitchen, and said that she would finish it herself, which she did. The parlourmaid poured the arrowroot into a clean jug, and took it to Mrs. Maybrick, who had left the kitchen a moment or two before. Some little time afterwards the jug was returned to the maid by Mrs. Maybrick, with instructions to wash it very carefully. Mary went to do so, and found that it had some peculiar matter at the bottom of it, which she was certain was not there when she put the food into it. However, she did as she was told, and put the jug away when dried.

Mr. Maybrick was popular with the servants he employed, and they were all very anxious about him, and used to send one of their number from time to time to ask their mistress how he was. That evening Mary went to make the usual inquiries, and was told by her mistress that the sick man was not so well, but that he was not really seriously ill.

"He has only taken an overdose of that London medicine," she added.

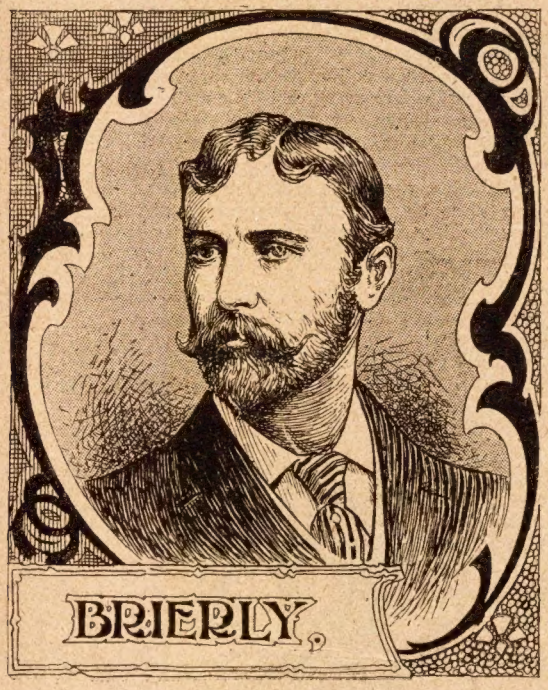
Mary does not seem to have been satisfied with this explanation, and the servants began to talk the matter over in the kitchen. The parlourmaid mentioned that she had found some dark stuff at the bottom of the jug in which the arrowroot had been taken to their master, and the cook remembered that she had tasted some bread and milk which she had prepared for his supper, but which he had not finished, and had been surprised to find that it was very sweet. She was positive that she had put a quantity of salt into it, as Mr. Maybrick preferred it like that. At any rate, the domestics were a little suspicious of something, but of what, they did not know themselves, and from this time they began to notice small things, which would previously have escaped their notice, and they recalled one or two occasions on which remnants of soup and puddings had tasted nasty.

SHE DROPPED THE LETTER IN A PUDDLE OF WATER

All through that night Mrs. Maybrick remained in the sick-room tending her husband. On Monday he was worse, the vomiting continuing and his throat being very painful. Besides this, he was suffering from a slight attack of diarrhœa. Humphreys, the cook, went into his bedroom to see him, and was astonished at the change which a few days had made in her master. He seems to have been very glad to see her, and begged her to make him some lemonade and bring it up to him, as his throat was parched. Mrs. Maybrick said that she had got some very nice lime-juice, and would make him some, but he insisted that he wanted it made by the cook from fresh lemons, and asked her to go at once and prepare it for him.

She did so, but when she brought it to him Mrs. Maybrick took it away from her and placed it on a side-table, telling her husband that he was not allowed by the doctor

to have it to drink. He begged her to let him have a drop or two, but she was obdurate, and refused even to let him taste it. The cook thought this was a little unfeeling, especially as her mistress had proposed making some with



lime-juice herself, but Mrs. Maybrick explained that her husband's throat was so bad that he was not to be allowed to drink except in very small quantities.

Mr. Edwin Maybrick, a brother of the sick man, and also a cotton merchant, carrying on business in America and Liverpool, had just returned from the States, and since April 25 had been staying at Battlecrease House.

On the morning of Tuesday, May 7, the children's nurse, Alice Yapp, went suddenly into Mr. Maybrick's room, and saw her mistress in the adjoining dressing-room pouring something from one bottle into another. Mrs. Maybrick told her that she was putting the medicine into a larger bottle to enable her to shake it up easier, as it had such a thick sediment that it was very difficult to give proper doses.

When Dr. Humphreys called at half-past five that evening he found another doctor, named Carter, waiting to consult with him. He had not expected to meet anybody, but had previously suggested a consultation, though at the time his proposal was not acted on. The two medicos went up to their patient, and examined him carefully together, with the result that they decided that he was suffering from very acute dyspepsia, and that his great weakness was at that time the only real cause for anxiety. They prescribed accordingly, and left, promising to call early next morning.

They did so, and found Mr. Maybrick a little better. They had been gone but a very few minutes when Mrs. Briggs, who, it will be remembered, was an old friend of Mr. Maybrick's, and who had assisted in the reconciliation of March 30, called to see the sick man, and was shown up to his bedroom.

After greeting her, he attempted to tell her his symptoms, but Mrs. Maybrick, who was present, stopped him, and, turning to her visitor, said, "Come downstairs, and I will tell you all about him. He is far too weak to talk." So she went down to the drawing-room, but Mrs. Maybrick did not give her any information about her friend's illness. The ladies chatted together for about three-quarters of an hour, and then Mrs. Briggs left, it being then about eleven o'clock.

That afternoon Alice Yapp was just going to take the children out for a walk, when Mrs. Maybrick handed her a letter to be posted at the General Post Office. To amuse her, the nurse gave the letter to the little girl to carry, which the mite did with great solemnity, until they reached a particularly dirty part of the road, when, with equal solemnity, she dropped it in a puddle of water. Alice picked it up at once, but the envelope was terribly dirty, so when she arrived at the post-office she went in and bought a clean envelope, intending to re-direct the letter and post it. In a moment of abstraction she tore off the dirty envelope, instead of enclosing the sealed letter in a fresh cover, and her eye caught the opening sentences of the note.

For a moment she did not know what to do. Then she thought that her first duty was to her master, and that the letter was certainly one which a married woman ought not to send to a man to whom she had been forbidden to speak. She soon made up her mind, and, putting the letter in her pocket, returned to Battlecrease House.

When she got there she found that Mr. Edwin Maybrick was in the house; so she went to him and gave him the letter, explaining how she came to see the first few sentences, and asking him to do what he thought best with it.

He read the fateful letter through several times, and then the true import of the communication flashed across his mind. Seizing his hat he went round and saw Mrs. Briggs. She immediately telegraphed to Mr. Maybrick's brother Michael, in London, and he came to Liverpool by the next train, being met at the station by Edwin, who drove him to Battlecrease House, and then read him the letter which Mrs. Maybrick had given to Alice Yapp to post.

It was addressed to Mr. Brierly, about whom the quarrel had taken place on the day of the Grand National, and had certain words underlined. It alluded to a third person, indicated by "M.," who was obviously Mr. Maybrick, and it ran as follows:

"DEAREST,—Your letter came to hand just when I had written to you last Monday. I did not expect to

hear from you so soon, and had delayed giving in the instructions. Since my writing I have been nursing day and night. *He is sick unto death*, and the doctors held a consultation yesterday, and now all depends on how long his strength will hold out. Both my brothers-in-

law are here, and are terribly anxious. I cannot answer your letter fully to-day, my darling, but relieve your mind of *all fear of discovery, now or in the future.* M. has been delirious since Sunday, and I know that he is perfectly ignorant of everything, even of the name of the street, and also that *he has not been making any inquiries whatever.* The tales he told me were pure fabrication, and were only intended to frighten the truth out of me. In fact, he believes my statements, although he will not admit it. You need not, therefore, go abroad on that account, dearest; but, in any case, please do not leave England until I have *seen you once again.* You must feel that those two letters were written under circumstances which must never excuse their injustice in your eyes. Do you think that I would act as I am doing if I really felt and meant what I inferred then? If you wish to write me about anything, do so *now*, as all letters pass through

my hands at present. Excuse this scrawl, my own darling. But I dare not leave the room for a moment, and I do not know when I shall be able to write to you again.
—In haste, yours ever, "FLORRIE."

The continued strain on Mrs. Maybrick's nerves consequent on her unremitting attention to her husband began to tell on her at last, and on Wednesday, before the arrival of Mr. Michael Maybrick, she obtained a trained nurse named Gore from one of the nursing institutions which abound in Liverpool. Nurse Gore was in the sick-room when Mr. Michael Maybrick went up to see his brother. He had a few words with her about the general condition of her patient, and then saw his sister-in-law, with whom he also discussed the sick man's condition, and told her that she certainly ought to have more professional nurses to look after him, and proposed calling in further medical assistance. Then he went out for a stroll and called on Dr. Humphreys.

TO BE CONTINUED

A Swindler's Suicide.

LAURENCE JONES, a notorious swindler, of genteel education, and possessing a good address, introduced himself into high society, which, unfortunately, led him into habits of extravagance; his income was limited, though he had a good position in one of the public offices, and, therefore, being detected in some malpractices, he was discharged.

He was committed to Newgate on a charge of swindling, but acquitted for want of evidence, though not without severe bodily punishment, for, during his confinement, George Barrington, the pickpocket, forced a quarrel on him and "beat him in a shocking manner."

We next hear of his having come into a large legacy and starting as a swindler on a grand scale, taking a handsome house in St. James's, which he had furnished in the best style, and keeping carriages and servants in gorgeous liveries. The servants, though, were "in the swim," and one fine day he suddenly disappeared, though not before he had robbed a silversmith of three thousand pounds' worth of plate, a jeweller of three hundred pounds, and very many others of large amounts.

The next recorded of him is described as the Hatton Garden affair. The collecting clerk from a Lombard Street banking firm called one morning at an office in the street named, and, knocking at the door, was received by a gentlemanly man, who desired him to walk into the counting-house. As he stepped forward, someone from behind covered his head with a thick cap, and he was then flung down upon the floor, wrapped up in green baize, and carried down to a back kitchen. Here they laid him flat on his back on a board, and bound him hand and foot, and then, chaining him to the bars of a copper grate, threatened that if he made the least noise they would murder him. In this condition he remained for about eight hours, scarcely daring to move a limb. At length his sufferings became wholly unendurable, and he determined, at all hazards, to free himself. For fully another three hours he shouted with all the power of his lungs, until, at length, when he had become perfectly exhausted, and was going mad with terror and despair, a workman forced an entrance into the house and came to his rescue.

The description of the man who opened the door to the clerk corresponding with that of Jones, whom the Bow Street officers suspected, he was shortly afterwards captured, and tried and sentenced to be executed on December 3, 1793, in Hatton Garden, near the house where he committed the robbery; but on the Saturday preceding that date, about six in the morning, when the turnkey entered the cell to prepare him to hear the condemned sermon and receive the Sacrament, he found him dead. It appeared that he had made several attempts on his life, but had been prevented from killing himself, and the manner in which he at last accomplished his object was very extraordinary. The knee-strings with which his fetters were supported he took off and tied round his neck; then, tying the other ends to the ring his chain was fastened to, he placed his feet against the wall and resolutely strangled himself. The coroner's jury pronounced a verdict of felo de se, in consequence of which the body was carried out of Newgate, extended on a plank on the top of an open cart, in his clothes and fettered, his face covered with a white cloth, to the brow of Holborn Hill, directly opposite the end of Hatton Garden. The procession was attended by the sheriffs, City marshals, and nearly five hundred constables. There the body was deposited in a deep pit, and a stake driven through it.

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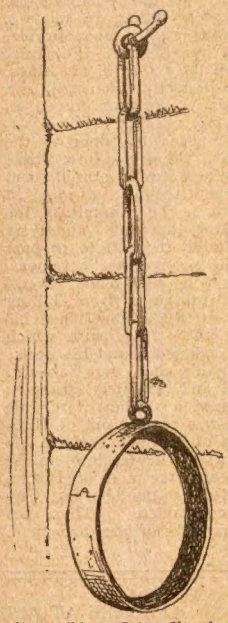
"In London and within a mile I ween
There are gaols or prisons full eighteen,
And sixty whipping posts and stocks and cages."
—JOHN TAYLOR, The Water Poet.

CHAPTER VIII.

WOMEN were horribly treated in the times of torture, and the boasted chivalry which we read of seems to have been thrust into the background as much as possible. It is certain there was no chivalry about the law. Nowadays the people in authority hesitate before hanging a woman convicted of a series of diabolical murders. In the castle at Nuremberg there is a picture which shows what happened to a poor female who had the misfortune to be the mother of an illegitimate child. She is stretched upon the prison floor, her limbs being firmly fastened to poles. Her breast is bared, and through her body an executioner is seen to be driving a formidable stake. Comment on the comparisons is superfluous.



"Jongs," from Priory Church, Bridlington.

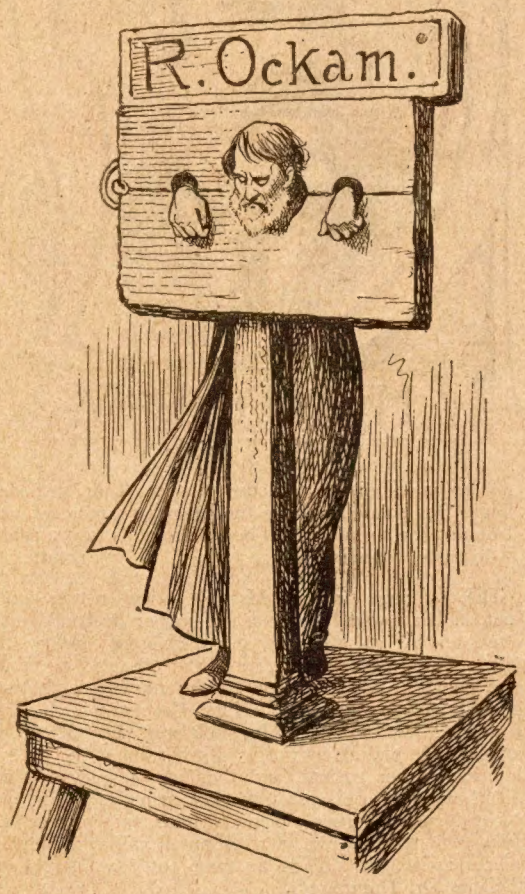
Last week we described the ducking stools and branks which were applied to scolding women. These were not the only instruments used by the law for the taming of the shrew. Mr. Andrews, in his book, "Old-Time Punishments," says: "Scolding women were then treated as offenders against the public peace, and for their transgressions were subjected to several cruel modes of punishment. The corporations of towns during the Middle Ages made their own regulations for punishing persons guilty of crimes which were not rendered penal by the laws of the land. . . . The free use of the tongue gave rise to riot and feud to such an extent that it is difficult for us to realise at the present day." Thus the penalty was exceedingly severe, not to say barbarous. Scolds were frequently ordered to be sent to the "Jongs," an iron collar fastened with a padlock, which was chained to the market cross or the whipping post. There they were the objects of everyone's derision. They were pelted with filth and garbage of all descriptions, and often the crowd threw stones at the unfortunate creatures who, after a few hours' exposure in this way, were terribly bruised and battered. "Jongs" were more generally used in Scotland than in England.

At one time it was the custom to cruelly whip vagrants, and the records show that the majority of those so treated were women. The law officers did not seem to have any regard for age. Old and young were treated alike, and they carried out their orders both in the letter and the spirit. It was in the reign of Henry VIII. that the practice of flogging beggars first came into existence. An Act passed by one of the Parliaments of that much worried monarch set forth that vagrants were to be "carried to some market town or other place, and there tied to the end of a cart, naked, and beaten with whips throughout such market town or other place till the body should be bloody by reason of such whipping." This punishment many years later was slightly mitigated, for in the days of Queen Bess it was enacted that vagrants were only "to be stripped naked from the middle upwards and whipped till the body should be bloody." Whipping posts then existed in every town, and some of them are still preserved, whilst in a few places there are still to be found books giving the names of the persons flogged. There is such a list at Burnham, in Bucks, which records the fact that:

"Eliz. Collins, a mayd pretty tall of stature; Anne Smith, a vagrant beggar, about 15 years old; Mary Web, a child about 13 years of age, a wandering beggar; Isabel Harris, a widd., about 60 years of age, and her daughter, Eliz. Harris, with one child," were whipped whilst at Great Staughton in Huntingdonshire. The constable's accounts contain the following curious entries:

169¾—Pd in charges, taking up a distracted woman, watching her, and whipping her next day.....	0	8	6
171⅝—Spent on nurse Loudon for searching the woman to see if she was with child before she was whipped, 3 of them	0	2	0
Pd Thos. Hawkins for whipping 2 people yt had the small-pox	0	0	8
171⅞—Pd for watching, victuals and drink for Ma. Mitchell	0	2	6
Pd for whipping her	0	0	4
171⅝—Pd for whipping Goody Barry	0	0	4

Fourpence was the fee which the floggers received. The whipping-posts were rough and ready instruments, and consisted of a pole, with metal clasps near the top, which confined the victim's hands during the flagellation. Sometimes the whipping-post, stocks, and pillory were combined in one machine, as at Wallingford, Berkshire, shown in one of the illustrations. The use of the last-named in England was abolished by an Act of Parliament passed in 1837. It was a punishment so barbarous and so indefinite in its severity that it is a wonder it was not done away with many years before. The pillory was in use in Great Britain before the Conquest. It was then known as "the stretch neck," an instrument in which only the head of the criminal was confined. In the time of Edward I. it was ordered that the "stretch neck" should be made of convenient strength, so that execution might be done upon offenders without peril to their bodies. Its shape then changed, and it then usually consisted of a wooden frame erected on a stool, with holes and folding boards for the admission of the head and hands, as shown in the sketch of Robert Ockam undergoing his punishment for perjury in the reign of Henry VIII. Ockam and two other criminals



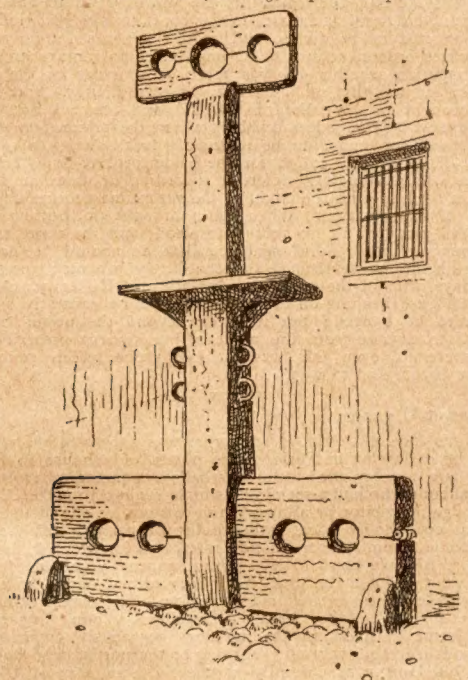
R. Ockam in the Pillory.

in 1543 were mounted on horseback, with papers on their heads and their faces towards the tails of the horses, and forced to ride about Windsor, Newbury, and Reading, and stand in the pillory of each of the three towns.

As we have intimated, the pillory might be either a mild or

very severe punishment—a penalty which meant only a few hours' confinement or one involving even death. If the person condemned to it was unpopular a large crowd would assemble and pelt the unfortunate criminal to their hearts' content. Sharp stones would batter their poor faces to a pulp, and though they screamed for mercy the mob would continue with their fiendish work until the time for the prisoner's release arrived. Sometimes the person confined would have his or her ears nailed to the board, as in the case of a woman who in 1554 was convicted of "speaking lies and uttering false rumours." There is an instance of great severity. In 1621 one Edward Floyde was convicted of having used slighting expressions concerning the King's son-in-law, the Elector Palatine, and his wife.

The sentence was as follows: (1) Not to bear arms as a gentleman, nor be a competent witness in any court of justice; (2) To ride with his face to a horse's tail, to stand in the pillory and have his ears nailed, etc. (the etc. included, we presume, the stone throwing); (3) To be whipped at the cart's tail; (4) To be fined £5,000; and (5) To be perpetually imprisoned in Newgate. It was questioned whether Floyde, being a gentleman, should be whipped and have his ears nailed. It was agreed by a majority that he should be subject to the former, but not to the latter. He stood two hours in the pillory, and had his forehead branded. Oates, the inventor of the Popish Plot, was condemned, in 1685, to public exposure on three

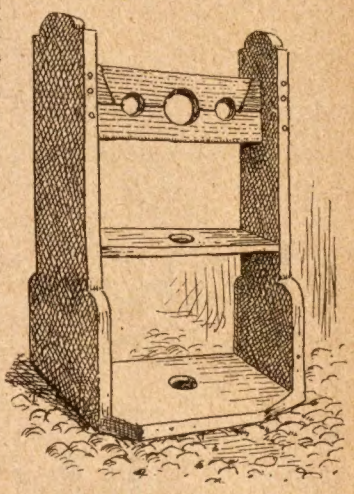


Wallingford Pillory, Whipping-post, and Stocks.

consecutive days. It is recorded that: "The first day's punishment, in Palace Yard, nearly cost the criminal his life; but his partisans mustered in such force in the City, on the succeeding day, that they were able to upset the pillory, and nearly succeeded in rescuing their idol from the hands of the authorities." According to his sentence, Oates was to stand every year of his life in the pillory, on five different days: before the gate of Westminster Hall on the 9th August; at Charing Cross on the 10th; at the Temple on the 11th; at the Royal Exchange on the 2nd Sept.; and at Tyburn on April 24; but, fortunately for the infamous creature, the Revolution deprived his determined enemies of power, and turned the criminal into a pensioner of Government.

Many famous men have suffered in the pillory. Archbishop Laud and the tyrants of the Star Chamber made free use of the machine. It was ordered by this tribunal that no one should print a book or pamphlet without the licence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, or the authorities of the two Universities, and any but licensed printers who set up a press were to be placed in the pillory and whipped through the City of London. Leighton, father of the archbishop of that name, was one of the first to suffer in this way. He was also fined £10,000, degraded from the ministry, branded, had one of his ears cropped and his nostrils slit. Three others who were similarly dealt with for offences of a like character were Dr. Bastwich and Burton and Prynne. How they bore their punishment is told in a letter to Lord Stafford, which reads as follows:

"In the Palace yard two pillories were erected, and there the sentence of the Star Chamber against Burton, Bastwich, and Prynne was executed. They stood two hours in the pillory. The place was full of people, who cried and howled terribly when Burton was cropped. Dr. Bastwich was very merry; his wife, Dr. Poe's daughter, got on a stool and kissed him. His ears being cut off, she called for them, put them in a clean handkerchief and carried them away with her." Another famous sufferer was Daniel Defoe, who was pilloried three times. A sympathising crowd flung garlands at him instead of rotten eggs and stones. In the possession of the editor of Chambers's "Book of Days" is a quaint, dateless pamphlet (apparently about 1790), entitled "A Warning to the Fair Sex, or the Matrimonial Deceiver, being the History of the noted George Miller, who was married to upwards of thirty different women, on purpose to plunder them." The pamphlet gives a detail of the procedure of Mr. Miller, which simply consisted in his addressing a love-letter to his intended victim, seeking an interview and declaring that since he saw her life was insupportable unless under the hope of obtaining her affections. It seldom took more than a week to secure a new wife for this fellow, and usually in three days more he had taken all her money and deserted her. Most of the thirty wives were servants with accumulations of wages. George at length was prosecuted by an indignant female possessed of rather more determination than the rest, and his punishment was the pillory. The frontispiece of the pamphlet represents him in this exalted situation, with a crowd of women of the humbler class—probably his seraglio—pelting him with mud, which some are seen raking from a kennel.



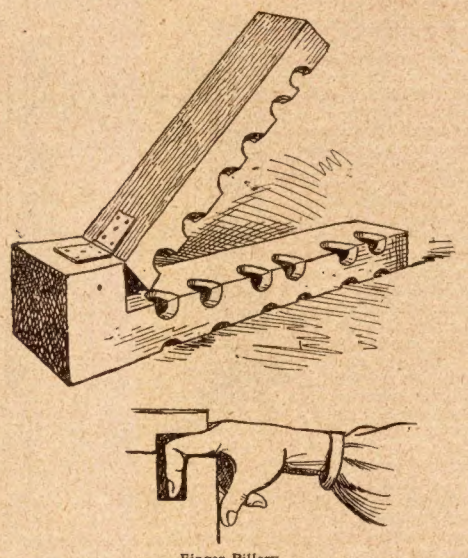
Old Pillory at Rye.

As we have already indicated, the pillory was sometimes turned into a gallows. In 1756 two thief-takers, named Egan and Salmon, were exposed in Smithfield for having committed perjury, and were so roughly treated by the drovers that Salmon was severely injured and Egan died. Seven years later a man was killed in a similar way at Bow, and again in 1780 a coachman was so terribly mauled that he expired before he could be freed from the pillory. What is called a "droll circumstances" is worth mentioning, though the humour of the incident is not very apparent. "A man being condemned to the pillory in or about Elizabeth's time, the footboard on which he was placed proved to be rotten, and down it fell, leaving him hanging by the neck in danger of his life. On being liberated he brought an action against the town for the insufficiency of its pillory and recovered damages, which, after all, was not such a bad stroke of business for the criminal."

The Chinese Cangue.

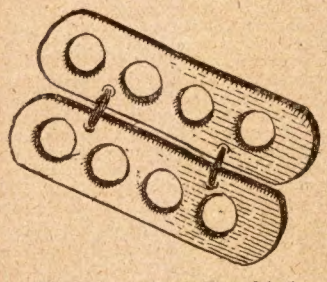
The Rye Pillory which we show is still preserved in the Town Hall. It was last used in 1813, when a publican was confined in it for helping a French prisoner of war, one General Phil-

lippon, to escape from England. The top half of the upper rail swings on a hinge, so that it can be lifted to admit the head and hands, whilst into holes in the lower rails was introduced an iron bar, so as to allow the machine with its prisoner to be turned round at pleasure.



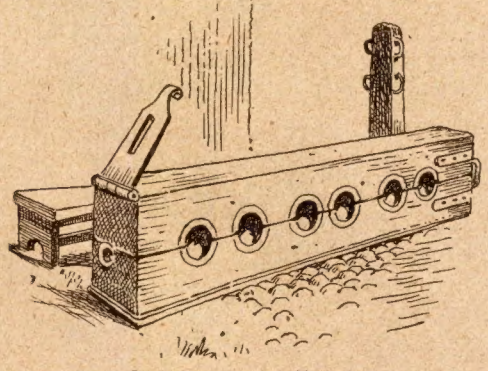
Finger Pillory.

The Cangue, a Chinese punishment, is something akin to the pillory. As will be seen from the illustration, it consists of a large, square piece of wood, fitting closely to the neck. This ponderous collar, on which the story of the crime is written, varies in size and weight, and is ordered to be worn for periods varying from a few days to two or three months. The wearer depends on charity for his subsistence; sometimes he dies of hunger. It is a lingering end, but that is a qualification which commends itself to the Chinaman.



Finger Pillory from old Dame School.

Finger pillories, a few of which are still in existence, were generally fitted to walls, though some were mounted on elaborately-carved and exceedingly heavy stands. The fingers were inserted in the holes made for that purpose, the top was closed and locked, and there the culprit remained until his captors chose to release him. The second one illustrated was used at schools to keep the children in order. Scholars were compelled to place their hands behind their backs, insert their fingers in the holes, and thus stand still whilst their lessons were drummed into them.



Stocks from Canongate Tolbooth.

Stocks are very ancient instruments of punishment, and their use can be traced back to very remote times. At one time every town and village were provided with them, and they were considered as essential to good order and government as a prison is at the present time. All sorts and conditions of people were confined in them. It was a favourite method of punishing drunkards and brawlers, wood-stealers, wife-beaters, sneak thieves, etc., and the confinement varied from a few hours to a few days. If the person imprisoned was popular the punishment was not very severe, for his fellows came round and cheered him up, keeping him well supplied with food and drink. If, on the other hand, the person was a nuisance to everybody, he suffered pretty severely. Stocks were used at Newbury as recently as June 11, 1872, when the magistrates attempted to cure an habitual drunkard by confining him in the machine for six hours. History does not tell us whether the cure was effective or not, but it is on record that the man spent a supremely miserable afternoon. He was held fast for four hours, and was very glad when the ordeal ended.

Fortunately for the man, he was well guarded by police, for the crowd were none too well disposed towards him, and, but for his many protectors we might have had to write a different kind of story.

Pressed to Death.

AT the Kilkenny assizes, in 1740, one Matthew Ryan was tried for highway robbery. When he was apprehended he pretended to be a lunatic, stripped himself in the gaol, threw away his clothes, and could not be prevailed on to put them on again, but went as he was to the court to take his trial. He then affected to be dumb, and would not plead; on which the judges ordered a jury to be impanelled to inquire and give their opinion whether he was mute and lunatic by the hand of God or wilfully so. The jury returned in a short time, and brought in a verdict of "Wilful and affected dumbness and lunacy." The judges on this desired the prisoner to plead, but he still pretended to be insensible to all that was said to him. The law now called for the peine forte et dure, but the judges compassionately deferred awarding it until a future day, in the hope that he might in the meantime acquire a juster sense of his situation. When again brought up, however, the criminal persisted in his refusal to plead, and the court at last pronounced the dreadful sentence that he should be pressed to death. The sentence was accordingly executed upon him two days after in the public market-place of Kilkenny. As the weights were heaping on the wretched man he earnestly supplicated to be hanged; but it being beyond the power of the sheriff to deviate from the mode of punishment prescribed in the sentence, even this was an indulgence which could no longer be granted to him.

Imitated Ulysses.

CRAFTY Ulysses's famous stratagem was successfully imitated by a burglar in Paris. The porter of a house in which there is a carriage-shed to let was called upon the other day by a neighbour who had a seemingly simple request to make. Would he oblige the visitor by allowing him to store, for one night in the vacant coachhouse some rather bulky property which he had just bought from a second-hand dealer, and for which he had no room in his own abode? The porter innocently consented. The man went to fetch the property, which turned out to be a life-size wooden horse in battered condition. The owner explained that it had come from a saddler's shop, where it had formerly stood in the window gorgeously caparisoned. A wooden horse, suggesting nothing to the porter, who had not read his Homer as carefully as the wily imitator of Ulysses evidently must have done, no objection was made to the strange property being stored in the shed, as arranged. The owner departed, saying that he would return the next morning to fetch the horse, and the porter went unsuspectingly to bed. But while he innocently slept Troy town was taken. That is to say, a number of shops in the house left untenanted at night were broken into. The next morning there were lamentations throughout the building. Quantities of valuable articles had disappeared from various shops. The police were communicated with and told that no trace could be found of the mysterious authors of the burglaries.

Incidentally the porter mentioned his experience of the day before, and added that, oddly enough, the wooden horse had also vanished. He did not attach much importance to this circumstance, but the police put two and two together. Various other burglaries equally mysterious occurred subsequently in other houses, and each time there was a wooden horse somehow connected with the case. The police were confirmed in the belief that Ulysses had found not his match, but his master, since his still wilier imitator used the same stratagem, not once, but repeatedly, with equal success. When, accordingly, a detective the other day perceived a man drive up to a house with a cart containing a life-size wooden horse, alight, and go in to interview the porter, he felt justified in interfering. When the man came out of the house he was requested to drive off to the nearest police-station. There the wooden horse was opened. From it emerged a crestfallen and half-suffocated individual, who, seeing that the Homeric game was up, frankly confessed that by the aid of their Odyssean stratagem he and his confederate had perpetrated over half-a-dozen profitable burglaries. The two men added that even the wooden horse was stolen property, having been purloined from a saddler's shop.

The Tragic Story of EUGENE ARAM.

"—How the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!"

PART II.

AT the end of our last chapter we left Eugene Aram having for the first time stained his soul with real sin. We left him standing over the lifeless body of the poor shoemaker, whom he had just hurried into eternity, while Houseman—the real rascal—stood watching, lest his accomplice and tool should be disturbed in the perpetration of the act which he alone had planned.

The murder having been committed, Houseman produced from the thickets round the mouth of the cave a shovel and pick. The guilty pair dragged the corpse of the unfortunate Clarke into the cave and set about digging a grave within the cavern once sanctified by the presence of the holy hermit. Long the couple toiled in the darkness, for the ground was hard and had not been disturbed for centuries; but at last the sepulchre was deep enough. Then the wretched victim was stripped and the two murderers collected all his valuables, which they stuffed into their pockets. That done, the body was crushed into its lonely tomb, huge stones were hurled upon it, and the earth restored and stamped down, the surplus being thrown into the surrounding bushes, and the guilty pair returned to their town again.

Early next morning Houseman and Aram entered Clarke's house and divided their booty between them. Houseman took his share and buried it in his own garden for twelve months, but Aram sold his shortly after.

The naturally sensitive nature of Eugene made it impossible for him to live so near the scene of his awful crime; so he resigned his position under Mr. Norton and left for London, carrying with him his ill-gotten gains. These he disposed of to several Jews in the Metropolis, who were only too glad to purchase and not ask questions.

A few weeks after the disappearance of Clarke, the tradesmen from whom he had obtained credit and made purchases began to get suspicious, so they went to Knaresborough, and were informed that the shoemaker had vanished and been seen by no one for some little time. This satisfied them that the missing man had got clear of the kingdom with his spoils, and as there were few facilities in those days for tracking criminals, the merchants preferred to write off the debts as bad ones, rather than go to the expense of trying to find the fugitive. Houseman lived on for some time in peace and quietness.

But what of Aram? Having disposed of his "property," he entered the academy of a Mr. Plainblanc, in Piccadilly, where he taught classics and literature. During the daytime he was able to keep his mind on his work, but when the lonely night watches came only the most intense study could divert his thoughts from the awful tragedy in which he had played a leading part. He therefore took up the study of French, and soon was proficient in that courtly language. This addition to his stock of learning opened to him wider fields of literature, and for a time he was comparatively happy, but later came the dreaded shadow on his life again, and London grew distasteful. So he moved to another academy in the provinces, where he added French to the subjects which he taught. There the brand of Cain made itself felt a second time, and the student tried to drown the voice of conscience by studying Chaldee, a language which he found comparatively easy from his knowledge of Hebrew. The mastery of this completed, life again became intolerable to him, and he changed his place.

While in this situation he found solace in mastering the Arabic tongue—notoriously one of the most difficult in the world—and before long was a proficient Orientalist, for he continued to make progress in the Eastern languages derived from that series of verbal roots. Still he had no peace. The demon which possessed his soul could only be appeased by harder tasks, by nights spent in laborious study, by days given over to the monotonous routine of the school-room; indeed, he said himself, when pleading for his life, "My days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious."

Thus he went from place to place, haunted, pursued by the ever-increasing burthen of his thoughts. Well might he have exclaimed in the words of the great dramatist:

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

The very children whom he had to teach were for him a standing reproach. How could he enter into their childish games, how inculcate into them the love of justice and truth? How could he join the school prayers, and raise his voice with those of the innocent and unsullied to the Throne of God, knowing that he was branded with the inerasable stigma of a fellow-creature's blood? He, their master, regarded by his pupils as the soul of honour and integrity, dared not look his wards in the face, lest he saw there the mirror which reflected his own hypocrisy. Life was to him intolerable. Amidst his books he found some slight relief;

Crushed into its lonely tomb.

but, as he clasped each volume, the overwhelming blackness of his secret sin engulfed him till his soul cried out for peace, and he longed for the death which he feared. But was it death he feared, or eternity? That was a matter which he thought he would settle for himself. If it were only death, followed by annihilation, then it was welcome;

if it were an eternity of woe, blasted by the displeasure of a justly offended God, then he dare not die.

So he betook himself to the study of philosophy, and when he had read all that was celebrated concerning the eternal fitness of things, he was as far from solving the problem as before. Therefore, he returned to the pursuit of languages again, and made a profound acquaintance with the various Celtic dialects.

But the accusing voice grew stronger; the peace which he earned by his toil had no longer the same power to lift

under the weight of his guilty conscience, though never breathing to a soul that he had aught to worry him. Those connected with him declared that he was a model teacher, beloved by his boys, gentle as a lamb, and revered for his honesty. Little they knew that in his breast he bore a secret more burning than live coals, more biting than the Spartan's wolf!

All this time he did not communicate with any of his relations, and it was generally accepted that he was dead, while in the village of Knaresborough many spoke kindly

"I HOLD A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST."

his mind from the sordid scene by St. Robert's Cave. His pleasure in letters was gone, and he was left alone with his awful thoughts.

One cannot but believe that Aram must have been a man of marvellous intellect, or else he would have become mad under the fearful strain which was imposed upon him. He devoted himself to the construction of a dictionary, comparing all the languages which he was conversant with, in the hopes that the very monotony of the work would tire him, and at least enable him to rest at night, undisturbed by dreadful dreams. But no. The terrors of the night far surpassed the horrors of the day. When, after hours of toil, he retired to his bed, he lay and

—stared aghast at Sleep,
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

So fourteen years went past, the poor usher languishing

of their memories of the young agent who had been such a favourite with all.

Towards the middle of the year 1758, one of the farmers in the neighbourhood of Knaresborough determined to make some alterations on his farm which necessitated building, and, knowing that the whole district was full of limestone, he ordered one of his labourers to dig at a place called Thistle Hill for stone, from which the lime could be obtained. The man commenced to do so, and when he had reached a depth of about a couple of feet, he was horrified to see the bones of a human foot uncovered by his spade. He dug deeper, and at last unearthed a complete skeleton of a man. The bones were doubled up, and were still joined together by the ligatures.

Scared at the sight, he left his work, and hastened off to the parish authorities, to tell them of his fearful find. They at once set out for Thistle Hill, accompanied by a

crowd of villagers, and were shown the excavation, with the remains lying at the bottom of it. The skeleton was at once taken back to the village inn to await an inquest.

For several days, pending the arrival of the coroner, the whole population of Knaresborough was engaged in wondering who the bones might have belonged to. Then some busy-body remembered having heard Mrs. Aram, who still lived in the place, remark on several occasions that she could hang her husband if she liked. That hint having been given, others said that they had all along had a suspicion that Clarke had been murdered, since his disappearance had been sudden; but some doubt was thrown on that point by it being recalled that only the purchased and borrowed valuables had vanished from his house, his personal effects being untouched.

When the coroner opened the inquest, he was informed of these rumours, and ordered that Mrs. Aram should be sent for. She was placed in the witness-box, and on being told that the bones were those of Daniel Clarke, declared that she believed him to have been murdered by her husband and Richard Houseman. Her declaration, however, was rather discounted by her statement that she would rather have a dead husband than one who would not live with her. From this it has been conjectured that she did not believe the general report that Eugene was in his grave.

This being so, the first thing to do was to get hold of Houseman. That worthy had not made any secret of the place he had gone to stop at, and it was not long before the police were able to lay hands on him. He was arrested, and lodged in York Castle. At a later sitting of the inquest he was brought into court and examined. At first he denied all knowledge of the affair; but when one of the leg-bones was handed to him for him to examine, he asked:

"Whose bone is this said to be?"

"Daniel Clarke's," was the reply.

"This is no more Dan Clarke's bone than it is mine," was his astounding announcement.

The coroner was a shrewd man, and fully appreciated the fact that no one could recognise the normal leg-bone of any skeleton as belonging to any particular person, so he surmised that Houseman knew a good deal more about Clarke than he was willing to admit. He, therefore, carefully cross-examined the witness, trying to get him to admit that Clarke was alive. Like all murderers, Houseman was blind to his own interests, and avowed that Clarke was dead. Having once admitted this, it became evident that the witness knew where the remains of Clarke were deposited; so he was further pressed to tell all he knew, or at least to give some reason for his assurance that the remains belonged to other than Clarke.

At first he was reticent, but seeing that he was likely to be called to account for the bones which had been found, as well as for those of Clarke, when the latter should come to light, he said that Clarke had been murdered, and his body would be found in the mouth of St. Robert's Cave, with the head lying towards the north. A party of police officers were despatched to search the spot, and there a skeleton was found exactly in the position indicated by the informer.

On this Houseman was committed to York Castle to take his trial for murder on his own indictment. In due time the assizes came round; but, in the meantime, he had made a confession which went to show that Eugene Aram was the real murderer, and that he had only watched the deed being done.

At the Assizes he was arraigned, and acquitted on condition that he became King's evidence against Aram, for whom a vigorous search was being made. It was not an easy thing to catch a man who had not been seen or heard of for fourteen years, and time went on very slowly, Houseman helping the officers to the best of his ability. He told them that the wanted man had gone to London, and many weeks were spent searching all the academies in the metropolis. Then, from village to village the police-runners went, occasionally getting news of their quarry, but more often finding that they had wasted much valuable time. At last they got a clue which they thought was a sound one.

Eugene Aram, after all his wanderings, had settled down as assistant master in a school at Lynn, in Norfolk. There he was loved and respected, and his great dictionary was in a fair way to be completed. He had finished the scholastic labours of the day; supervised the boys' sports, and conversed cheerfully, in spite of his ever-aching heart, with several of them, and seen all his charges off to bed.

He was sitting in his private study, collating words and adding them to the work which was to make his name. Still in his heart there was a strange presentiment. He felt that all his labour was in vain. He got up half a dozen times to go out for a walk, and as many times sat down again and resumed his work.

Presently there was a tap at the door, and the porter of the academy entered.

"There are two men to see you, sir," he said.

A cold chill passed through the usher's frame as he huskily bade the servant show them in. In that moment he felt that the warning he had received had arrived too late. He was detected!

Still, with a firm voice, he greeted the strangers, and asked them their business.

"You are Mr. Eugene Aram?" suggested one of the men.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I hold a warrant here for your arrest, on a charge of murdering Daniel Clarke, in 1745," continued the officer.

And that night—

Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Bobbies' Brigade.

THERE are probably not many people in this country who realise the actual extent and magnitude of our police force. If we take England and Wales alone the brigade of "Bobbies" may be compared to a very respectable army, and the figures concerning them fill a folio blue-book of over three hundred pages.

Like most other State documents, this Home Office production would be more interesting if properly summarised, but still, despite its imperfect condition, a careful observer is able to extract several very significant facts. All told, there are no fewer than 43,427 constables south of the Tweed—many of them trained for duty as horsemen.

The Metropolitan area of London alone, including the city, accounts for 16,800, while the nine northern counties have 13,196, the midlands 6,388, and the southern counties 7,033. Concerning the gross outlay on this force, it may be said to represent a total of nearly four and three-quarter millions sterling.

The Crimes of a Century.

SIR HENRY FOWLER, M.P., once delivered a presidential address to the Incorporated Law Society in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford.

Sir Henry was then the only solicitor who had risen to be a Cabinet Minister and he was most cordially received by his fellow-members of the legal profession. His address was largely a luminous survey of the legal changes of the past century. He stated that over 10,500 Acts of Parliament were passed between 1800 and 1900, and that the bulk of the laws by which we are now governed were enacted in that period.

The figures he quoted concerning the improvement in the criminal law and the diminution in crime were very striking. In 1800 there were 200 crimes punishable with death. At the present time there are only four, viz., high treason, murder, piracy with violence, and setting fire to the King's ships, dockyards, and naval and military stores.

When Queen Victoria came to the throne her convict subjects were about 53,000. The convicts in prison at the end of 1899 were only 3,700, notwithstanding an increase in the population of 13,000,000.

During a large part of the century a Chancery suit was a terrible calamity. Petitions filed in 1810 were still undisposed of in 1825. As a contrast to this, the Taff Vale case was finally decided by the House of Lords within eleven months of its first appearance in the courts.

Sir Henry was emphatic in declaring that the circuit system caused a lamentable waste of judicial power. He also expressed the opinion that the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal was an essential part of any effective reform of criminal procedure. The astounding and indefensible variety in the sentences which different judges inflicted for the same offences was, he said, a public scandal.

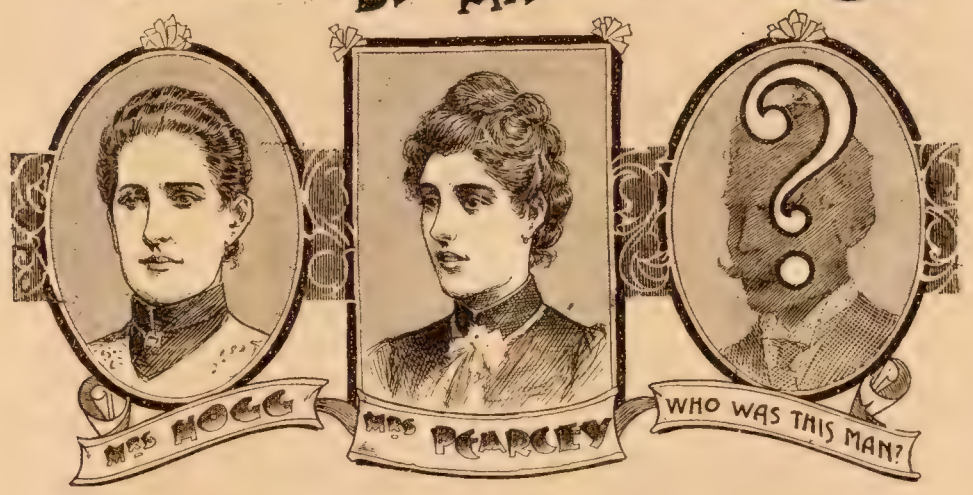
Thieves' Slang.

THIEVES, like other folk who follow more reputable callings, have slang terms of their own, and some of these are very interesting.

Thus the mystic signs "2 R. S." stand for two red shells—that is to say, a couple of gold watch cases without the works and ready for melting down; while "4 W. K." means four white kettles, or as many silver watches.

In the same lingo diamonds are known as "sparks," and "scarf-pins as "props"; while an "R. P. K.," or red-plated kettle, is a gold-plated watch.

THE MURDER BY MRS PEARCEY



"O jealousy,
Thou ugliest fiend of hell! Thy deadly venom
Preys on my vitals."
—HANNAH MORE, "David and Goliath," Pt. V.

ABOUT seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th of October, 1890, a police constable in the neighbourhood of Hampstead was alarmed at hearing the violent cries of a woman in an adjacent street. He hurried in the direction of the screams, and at the back of Adamson Road, on some waste ground shortly to be given over to the builders of house property, saw two servant girls in an agony of terror. They swayed backwards and forwards, clasped in each other's arms for support, and near them on the ground a dark bundle of considerable size could be discerned, this apparently being the cause of their horror and fright. The constable turned the strong light of his "bull's eye" lantern full upon the huddled heap on the ground. In a large pool of blood he saw the body of a woman. Her head had been nearly severed from the body (her throat having been cut with terrible brutality), and only hung on to the trunk by the back skin of the neck and a few tendons. She was dressed in a black costume trimmed with astrachan, and wore a black hat, and her head had been wrapped in a man's cardigan jacket.

A doctor and a relay of police were at once summoned to the spot. The woman was, of course, quite dead; but her legs were still warm, showing that death had occurred recently—perhaps within the last hour. The finding of the body and the description of the clothes upon the mutilated woman were at once circulated in all the papers. But this was not the only discovery.

About a mile away from the scene of the servant girls' gruesome find, a police officer came upon a perambulator in good condition, but for some reason abandoned by its owner. The constable searched it, and found a quantity of wet blood, and some hairs, apparently from a woman's head, sticking to the cushions. He at once took the perambulator to the police station, where the inspector thought that it was likely to throw a startling light on the murder of the woman found near Adamson Road. In one of those many pieces of waste land which abound still in the district of Hampstead, a wandering pedlar and tinker, who had encamped there for the night, found in the morning hidden in a clump of furze bushes the dead, cold body of a baby about a year old. He informed the police, and the corpse of the dead infant, upon which there were no marks of external violence, was also taken to a neighbouring police station.

Now amongst the many people who read in the papers with interest and curiosity the news of the discovery of a dead woman's body in Hampstead, was a Miss Clara Hogg. Miss Hogg, before reading the morning paper, was in a peculiarly unsettled and worried state of mind. Her aunt had disappeared. The lady, Mrs. Frederick Hogg, had gone out with her baby in the perambulator in the afternoon, and had not returned. Curiously enough, she had not waited for her husband, who was at work in the furniture trade, before leaving, but had left his dinner in a saucepan, and a little note on the table saying, "Look in the saucepan."

Mr. Hogg was surprised that his wife should have gone out in such an unusual manner, but knowing that her mother was seriously ill, he concluded she had been summoned there in haste. However, Mrs. Hogg did not return, and Mr. Hogg, now alarmed, speedily discovered that she had not been near her mother's abode.

On reading the morning paper, Miss Clara Hogg was

The discovery of Mrs. Hogg's corpse.

THE TINKER DISCOVERS THE BABY'S BODY.

interested, as we have said, in the murder at Hampstead. When she read the description of the clothes of the victim a terrible suspicion came into her mind.

Could the woman found murdered be her aunt? The supposition was so painful that Clara Hogg at once tried to persuade herself that it was ridiculous.

Mr. Hogg reads the note.

Who would perpetrate such a ghastly deed? Mrs. Hogg had no enemies, was, indeed, a universal favourite, argued Clara, so that it was impossible that anyone could have slain her in hatred, malice, or jealousy. She was a poor woman and of humble appearance, and the very last personage to attract the eye of a thief.

No one, then, mentally decided Clara, could have the least object in murdering her aunt, and she dismissed the idea from her head.

But the idea returned, was dismissed, and returned persistently again, and at last Clara determined to communicate the dreadful possibility to a second person.

She took a cab, and drove at once to the house of a Mrs. Pearcey, a friend of her aunt's, and told her her suspicions.

"A woman has been murdered at Hampstead," she said, "and I believe it's Phœbe!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Pearcey. "Whoever has put such an idea into your head?"

"No one, but I have read the description of the murdered woman, and I tell you I believe it is Phœbe."

"Impossible! Who would do such an awful thing?"

"Ah!—who, indeed? Still, I feel very nervous."

"About nothing, I think," said Mrs. Pearcey.

This Mrs. Pearcey was a rather pretty woman. She was slight and of slender build, with brown hair, light blue eyes, and firm, white teeth, the latter inclined a little to project. She laughed at Clara Hogg's suspicions; nevertheless, she consented to drive with her to the mortuary, and view the body of the murdered female.

Miss Hogg and Mrs. Pearcey speedily made known their errand to the police. They were shown the body. The two women paled and trembled at the horrible spectacle.

"It's not her!" cried Mrs. Pearcey, clutching at Clara's arm.

"I don't recognise her face, but I recognise the clothes," said Clara.

Mrs. Pearcey clasped Clara tightly.

"Come away!" she cried.

"Don't drag her," said the inspector; "she can stand it, if you let her alone."

The two women were taken for a moment outside. A doctor washed the murdered woman's face free of the blood. The two women were taken in again. Clara instantly recognised the body as that of her aunt; but Mrs. Pearcey, who seemed likely to faint, was still doubtful. Miss Hogg also recognised the perambulator. Later, Mr. Hogg, Miss Hogg, and Mrs. Pearcey were searched by the police. A strange key was found in Mr. Hogg's pocket. He seemed a most emotional man, and was in a very hysterical condition. He said this key belonged to Mrs. Pearcey's house. He was in the habit, then, of visiting Mrs. Pearcey? Yes, he admitted; but his wife knew nothing about it. This, together with Mrs. Pearcey's strange and embarrassed conduct, and a certain telegram that a detective officer had sent to the inspector in charge, made the police decide on a certain course of action.

"YOU CAN ARREST ME IF YOU LIKE!"

"We must search your house," said the inspector to her. "I suppose you don't mind?"

"I am perfectly willing," she said, smiling; and at once gave him a key to her dwelling. She asked to be allowed to accompany the police, and they went away together. They went into her kitchen, and she sat down and began to whistle a tune.

The kitchen was a large-sized room, containing quite a quantity of furniture, but much of this was broken.

On the left-hand side stood a sewing-machine and a wicker stand for dresses, a table, and a kitchen dresser.

The window had been smashed, and a jagged fringe of uneven glass stood out all round the woodwork.

Two doors led out of the room, one on the right into the front passage, and the other on the left into the scullery and back offices.

The police found blood on the kitchen dresser.

"I have been killing mice," she said; "they run about here in thousands."

The police found blood on the walls, and the pane of glass smashed in the back window. They found blood on an apron, and some clothes that were being steeped in water. They found two carving knives stained with blood, and a chopper and a poker, to which was stuck a quantity of woman's hair.

Also, there were distinct marks of blood on the carpet, and at the back of the fireplace was discovered a bundle of firewood, literally saturated with blood. The whole room had the appearance of being lately the scene of a desperate and sanguinary struggle.

The window broken, the crockery smashed, the disorder of the domestic utensils, and the superabundance of human gore that was anywhere and everywhere, all gave colour to the supposition that here there had lately been a terrible tragedy.

Mrs. Pearcey still sat in the kitchen whistling a tune. The police came in and told her that they must arrest her. She sprang at once out of her chair.

"You can arrest me, if you like," she said; "but I think you are making a big mistake!"

The expression of her face belied her words.

A mistake! Did she really think it was a mistake to arrest her?

We think not.

The hunted look of those blue eyes, the pallor of those cheeks, the twitching of those bloodless lips, belie the grave,

"Come away!" cried Mrs. Pearcey.

Wheeling a perambulator.

vague, taunting words, and tell us plainly that the wretched woman, while assuming an attitude of confidence, feels in the depths of her miserable heart only despair.

She began to cry softly to herself, and for a while protested against any restraint being put upon her liberty.

Afterwards she went away quietly enough, with a constable, in a cab.

"Why are you arresting me?" she asked.

"Because of the evidence. Let me look at your hands."

She took her gloves off and showed hands deeply marked with scratches.

Presently she said:

"I know I have done wrong in not telling you, but Mrs. Hogg did call on me that afternoon. She came and asked me to lend her two shillings, and never came inside the door. Clara asked me not to mention it, as she said it looked so bad to be borrowing money."

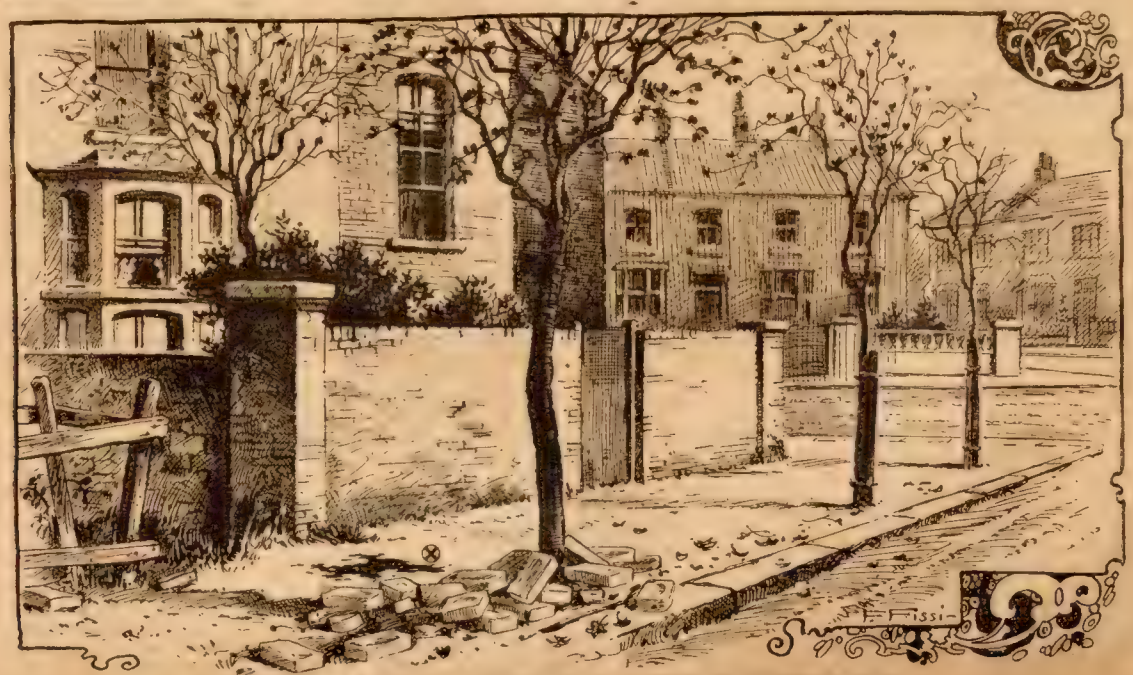
At the station she was searched by a female kept on the premises for that purpose. Her under-petticoat and the inside of her dress were found to be literally stained and bespattered with dried blood.

"Mrs. Hogg called and had tea," she said to the searcher. "She made a remark that I did not like, and one word led to another. But perhaps I had better say no more."

Shortly afterwards the inquest on the body of the murdered Mrs. Hogg was held, and a lot of strange evidence it produced. The next-door neighbour to Mrs. Pearcey on the eventful afternoon had been startled by a woman's screams, followed by the smashing of window glass, as if a desperate struggle was going on in Mrs. Pearcey's house. She rushed out into her back garden, but all seemed quiet in Mrs. Pearcey's dwelling, and she went in to her house again. That night a neighbour and friend of Mrs. Pearcey's was surprised to see her wheeling a perambulator along the road. She was surprised, because she had never seen Mrs. Pearcey with a perambulator before in her life. The perambulator seemed heavy, and Mrs. Pearcey pushed it with difficulty. She looked straight in front of her, with a fixed stare, and her face was unusually pale. She took no notice whatever of her friend. A Mr. and Mrs. Butler, who lived in the upstairs part of Mrs. Pearcey's house, remembered seeing a perambulator in the hall that evening. They were going out, and Mrs. Pearcey, wearing a hat and ulster, came out of her front room.

"Mind!" said she. "There is a perambulator in the passage. I will conduct you past."

A boy, named William Holmes, said that Mrs. Pearcey had given him a letter and a penny early in the afternoon. The letter he was to take to Mrs. Hogg's, and this he delivered into the dead woman's hands. Mr. Frederick Hogg, a man of middle age, who wore a beard, wept continually while he gave his evidence. He seemed a very emotional and lachrymose sort of personage. He had known Mrs. Pearcey before his marriage with Mrs. Hogg, but had never had any intimate relations with her until afterwards. Since his marriage he had visited Mrs. Pearcey continually, and had a latchkey to her house. On the night following the afternoon of the murder, he had called on Mrs. Pearcey. A dim light was burning in her bedroom, but she was out. All that day he had been at work, with other men, removing furniture.



THE CIRCLE SHOWS WHERE THE BODY WAS FOUND IN CROSSFIELD ROAD.

A Mr. Pearcey next came forward. He had known the accused woman since she was a girl of seventeen. She had lived with him as his wife, and had taken his name, her real one being Wheeler. He had ceased to live with her because of her friendship with Hogg. A gentleman of good

The HOUSE in Priory Street.

means admitted that he was keeping Mrs. Pearcey at the time of the murder. He had seen Hogg's photo, but had never met the man. All this evidence naturally led to a verdict of "Wilful murder against Mary Eleanor Pearcey."

As Hogg left the court he was loudly hooted by the excited crowd that had gathered outside, and when the funeral of the murdered woman and her baby took place, the attitude of the mob became so threatening towards him that he had to be guarded by a strong body of police.

Such was the case against the accused woman before her trial. The theory of the police was that the murder had been premeditated. Mrs. Hogg and her baby, they alleged, had first been decoyed to Mrs. Pearcey's house by the letter taken by the boy Holmes. Once there, she had been attacked from behind, and her brains beaten in with a sharp instrument, probably the poker. Somehow, there had been a fierce fight, for there was blood all over the room. Then Mrs. Pearcey had thrown the body of her victim doubled up into the perambulator, and had put the living baby on the blood-stained remains of its slaughtered mother. She had then wheeled the perambulator, with its ghastly load, into a secluded spot, and had there dropped Mrs. Hogg's body, afterwards wheeling the perambulator a mile away and then leaving it. The baby she had hidden in a furze bush, and it was thought it had perished from cold. The motive for the terrible crime was no doubt jealousy.

Mr. Freke Palmer, solicitor, undertook the defence of the accused woman. One of the few points that the defence could urge was that the crime was a physical impossibility in a woman of Mrs. Pearcey's slight build. But the hardest part of the terrible business she had been seen to accomplish. This was wheeling the perambulator, with the child and the body of its murdered mother. If she could do this, it was argued, how easy for her, in the mad strength of frenzy, to slay her victim with a heavy implement.

And now comes the fateful day of trial. The Old Bailey, the scene of many an historic trial, is besieged by an excited and curious public. What a scene it is! The solemn-faced jury, the imperturbable judge, the busy reporters, the silent ushers, and the opposing counsel. Mr. Forrest Fulton and Mr. Gill prosecute for the Crown, and Mr. Arthur Hutton, instructed by Mr. Palmer, defends.

A spare young woman, with brown hair and a pale face, standing in the dock. A young woman with compressed lips, and unsmiling eyes, listening to a counsel fighting against facts to save her life. A young woman without a tear, standing more like a marble statue than a breathing creature, watching the witnesses go up and down, telling the tale of her jealous crime and weaving the unbroken chain of evidence in which she is snared like a fly in a web of spider's spinning, from which she may never escape except by the gallows. A young woman, pale, yet upright, with death already in her eyes, listening to the jury's verdict, Guilty! Has she anything to say? The white lips move and the livid face twitches. "Only that I am innocent!" she whispers.

A young woman, growing grey and old before the eyes of the spectators, watching a judge fit on the black cap. What a picture! What a tragedy! The judge speaks to her a few just, galling sentences before he pronounces her doom. Lust has driven her to crime. Indecent lust and passion, he says, fixed upon the dead woman's husband, that weeping and cringing miscreant Hogg, the unworthy cause of a woman's murder and a baby's death, the unworthy cause that must lead another woman to the gallows! In her madness she has spilt blood, innocent blood, and the law says for this she must hang by the neck until she be dead.

It is all over in a minute, and the dock is empty.

Mr. Hutton's speech for the defence had been brilliant, but the evidence had been too strong.

Pearcey, the man with whom the condemned woman had lived, swore that the cardigan jacket found round the victim's head was his, and the evidence given at the inquest was repeated, only this time more fully. The prosecution had proved

The HOUSE in Prince of Wales's Road.

a motive for the crime, for they had read long, eloquent love letters from the condemned woman to Hogg. These letters speak a genuine and ardent passion, and make pathetic reading. One of them, written to Hogg when it seemed likely he would leave the country, reads as follows:

"My Dear F.—Do not think of going away, for my heart will break if you do; don't go, dear! I won't ask too much—only to see you for five minutes when you can get away; but if you go away, how do you think I can live? I would see you married fifty times over; yes, I could bear that, far better than parting with you for ever, and that is what it would be, if you went out of England. My dear loving F., you were so down-hearted to-day that your words give me much pain, for I have only one true friend that I can trust, and that is yourself. Don't take that from me. What good would your friendship be then, with you so far away? No, no; you must not go away! My heart throbs with pain only thinking of it. What would it be if you went? I should die, and if you love me, as you say you do, you will stay. Write or come soon, dear. Have I asked too much?—From your loving

"Mary Eleanor."

"P.S.—I hope you got home quite safe and things are all right, and you are well.—M. E."

In all these letters of hers—they are many—full as they are with confessions of passionate love, she never once refers unkindly to Mrs. Hogg. It seemed as if she could almost cherish the wife of one, before whom she bowed down in love's abandonment. She repeatedly asks to see him, "if only for a little time." Her letters tell us of the loneliness she felt when not in the presence of the object of her affection. "I am thinking, thinking, thinking, 'till I feel my brain can bear it no longer."

And so she thought and thought, and brooded over her unhappy passion, until madness grew in her brain and hate stabbed her heart with darts of envy and jealousy. She was a strange psychological study, this woman who had committed a ghastly murder for, apparently a paltry motive. Silent yet eloquent, apathetic yet sensitive, Mrs. Pearcey was an anomaly.

In her last days she was visited by her solicitor, Mr. Freke Palmer. Her demeanour was calm, almost placid, and she protested her innocence. Before he left the unhappy convict in the condemned cell she made to him one request. It was trite, yet mysterious. She wished the following to be inserted in all the principal Madrid papers:

"M.E.C.P.—Last wish of M.E.W. Have not betrayed."

Two days later she carried her dread secret with her to the gallows, walking firmly yet without callous ostentation. To the chaplain her last words were: "The sentence was just, but the evidence was false." This partial confession was the only one she ever uttered. Was the deed premeditated? Did she do it on impulse? Did she do it alone, or was she but the accomplice of another—the one never betrayed? Who can say? Who shall know? Certainly not those on this side of eternity!

C.X.—Absolutamente invariable. Confianza inmovible. Sé justo conmigo. L. E. W. acusa recibo á C. X. P.
M. E. C. P.—Last wish of M. E. W. Have not betrayed.
F.—Las dos últimas "Violetas" no eran mias. Por favor manda recado consolador. Dirije en lo futuro. "Valentina."
DULCE.—Queridísima. Las soluciones se han vuelto confusas; inmensa.—CORAZON.
THE ADVERTISEMENT

And so ended the Hampstead tragedy. It had excited the public mind to no small degree. The passion of the murderess for the victim's husband, the curious, half-friendly relations between her and the murdered woman, the suddenness of the attack, the incredible violence of it, the mixture of cunning and clumsiness in the way the double deed was perpetrated, more than all the extraordinary physical strength shown by this frail woman in disposing of the body—all these were elements in the story, that lifted it out of the category of ordinary crime.

A strange tale of passion and crime, of peculiar completeness and horror. A strange tale of passion and crime that may only have been half told!

UNPARALLELED BRUTALITY OF A YOUTH WHO DESTROYED AN AGED LADY FOR A SORDID MOTIVE.

Eighteen and Eighty-five.

"The man that lays his hand on woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward."
—TOBIN, "The Honeymoon."

PART II.

FOLLOWING on the remarkable statement given last week, the evidence reverted to the articles taken from the Rectory. They were six in number: the silk purse, the rings which formed part of the purse, a knife (of which more anon), a pin, a brooch, and a coin. A great deal of evidence was marshalled in reference to these articles. With respect to the purse, there was no doubt that the article had found its way into the house in which prisoner lived.

The family consisted of the father, mother, an elder brother John, the prisoner William, a sister Eliza, and a younger brother Charles, of the age of eleven. It was stated that the sister bought the red silk purse of the prisoner. The purse had been burnt, but it had two rings upon it, and the little boy Charles secured possession of these, and he put them first in Bet Wilding's pond and afterwards removed them and put them into the Pound pond. They were two odd rings, and one of them had certain spots upon it, which were found to be spots of human blood. These were identified by the maid, Percy.

The next article was a knife. It was not known with what instrument the housekeeper's throat was cut, but it was shown that she had a knife, though it could not be shown that it was in her possession down to the day of the murder or within a short period before. This was found, not where the prisoner had put it, but where his brother had put it, stuck up in the roof of an outhouse of his father's. That knife was clearly identified as the property of Mrs. Steggles. Again, the unfortunate victim always used to wear a white silver pin, a little broken or damaged. That pin was found on the prisoner's sister, Eliza Flack. Among other things, the maid-servant Percy had a half-mourning brooch, which also was seen in the possession of some members of the prisoner's family. Finally, there was the old coin. The prisoner went to Bury, at which place lived a silversmith of the name of Pace. Mr. Pace bought the coin, presumably a few days after the murder.

The tracing of these articles showed in every instance that the prisoner was in some way or another connected with them. But there was yet one other circumstance which should not be omitted.

The prisoner had been at work for a very small sum of money, and was not a person likely to be possessed of property or of money of any amount. It was established that he went to Bury and purchased clothes to the value of £1 5s. 4d., and that a sovereign and fourteen or fifteen shillings in silver were afterwards seen in his possession; and, if all these were added together, they would amount to about the sum of £3.

The prisoner was at a public-house at Bury, called the "Shoulder of Mutton," where he drank, and made use of certain expressions which attracted attention. On the Wednesday after the murder he was seen to play "pitch" with a companion, in which game he lost the price of three gallons of beer and six shillings. Excited by this result, he said, "D——n me, the money comes light, and it shall go light!" Later he said, "I meant killing the old b——, but she is all right. She was to cook me two hot dinners, and she never cooked me one." A witness on this point swore that the prisoner was not drunk at the time, while he himself was perfectly sober. He took no notice of what the young man said until he was interviewed by the policeman from London on the following Saturday.

Another witness said he had been talking about the matter in the same house, and he asked the prisoner if the old woman was dead, and he replied, "Yes, and I am glad of it!" (using a forbidding expletive). Although several persons spoke to this matter, it was evident, and to his credit, that the counsel for the Crown did not seek to make capital out of the matter, scornfully ignoring a repetition of certain expressions made.

We have now traversed the whole of the circumstances connected with the case collected prior to the Suffolk Summer Assize, in the year 1853. In consequence of the many intricacies connected with the case and the extraordinary energy displayed in connecting the links in the chain of evidence, the magistrates held several sittings, and the whole county, as well, indeed, as neighbouring counties, had had ample opportunity to familiarise themselves with all the details. This will account for the dense crowd which assembled and packed every available part of the court when the prisoner was arraigned on the capital charge.

The trial was watched with the utmost interest and anxiety, and as Chief Justice Jervis entered the tribunal the prisoner was immediately placed at the bar. There was no perceptible difference in his personal appearance than had manifested itself previously, and his demeanour exhibited a total absence of sense or fear or apparent consciousness of crime, and the prisoner showed the entire indifference as to consequences which was remarked in his already numerous examinations.

One important absentee from the case, whose evidence was naturally sought for, was the Rev. Mr. Barker, who first saw the hapless victim in her last extremity. It appears that the effect of the lamentable circumstances upon the aged clergyman had been such that he was not able to appear as a witness, and the shock to his nervous system culminated in a complete unhinging of his mental faculties, reducing him to a state of hopeless imbecility.

Everyone interested in the case, with evident sympathy, looked forward to a sight of the parents of the accused man. It seems that the father and the mother, as well as the other members of the family, were in town on the day of the trial, the children to give evidence, and the parents, to all appearances, to learn the result. It was natural to suppose that these would have felt some anxiety as to the fate of their relative, and have manifested by their behaviour the sense of the gravity of his position; but it soon became known that the father was seen about the streets the worse for drink, while the youngest brother, tempted by a feeling of morbid curiosity, went to look at the spot in front of the gaol, where the execution was likely to take place, and was heard to exclaim to a companion, "I expect that's where my brother is to be hanged!"

The subject of the circumstantial nature of the evidence was the main point upon which counsel for the defence had to rely, and very ably was this done in this case; and the judge, even, in his summing up displayed an unusual sentiment with regard to his appreciation of direct and indirect evidence.

"The case," his lordship said, "depended, as almost all such cases did, on circumstantial evidence. Few men who committed murder were fools enough to do so in the broad face of day. They were rarely seen in the commission of the act, and it was only by a chain of circumstances that guilt could be detected; and frequently such circumstances, leading to an irresistible conclusion, were more satisfactory to the minds of rational men than direct evidence itself. If a person were to swear to seeing another in the commission of a murder, he might possibly be mistaken as to identity, or be influenced by passion or prejudice or hate against the person whom he charged; and there was, consequently, less danger in a long chain of circumstances leading irresistibly to the same conclusion. It was not sufficient in such a case to take each circumstance by itself, and show that of itself it did not lead to a conclusion of guilt. The proper course was to take them all into consideration, and to see if they all concurrently went to establish the same conclusion. Isolated facts, unimportant in themselves, were often, when connected, perfectly conclusive."

Following these remarks, his lordship entered into a graphic recapitulation of the evidence; and the jury, after only twenty minutes' consultation, brought in the only possible verdict—Guilty.

The judge then passed sentence upon the prisoner. "It is, indeed," said he, "a foul and most horrible murder, and I am sorry to say that the evidence is so perfectly clear, and establishes your guilt so plainly, without the possibility of doubt, that I cannot hold out any hope to you hereafter that the sentence of the law will not be carried into execution. Happily, the unfortunate woman was found in the exercise of religion, at least, so far as she was then capable of performing it. Almost at the very moment you hurried her out of this world, you gave her no opportunity of repentance and prayer; but to you, happily, will be allowed a longer interval. From the base motive of gain, as at one time you expressed it yourself, or, perhaps, from the blacker design of revenging your most malignant feelings, without the slightest provocation, as it appears, you hurried this poor old woman from the world. You will have an opportunity of repentance. . . . You will hereafter have a chance of that mercy which I fear must be denied to you here."

The iron must have entered into the soul of the convict, who was perfectly unmoved during the passing of the solemn sentence, and he left the dock with a smile.

The execution took place on Wednesday, the 17th of August, 1853. The scaffold was erected for the first time in the town of Ipswich, on the top of the porter's lodge, instead of in the roadway in front, and we believe there was no return from this practice down to the period when private executions became general.

On the previous Monday Flack had his last interview with his mother and sister, and on Tuesday he took leave of his brother John, his parting with the latter being represented to have been most distressing to all present.

The convict did all in his power to atone for his guilt by a sincere and ample confession. The first indications of an awakened conviction of his deep guilt were manifested on the Sunday night, about eight o'clock, when he requested that he might have an interview with the governor. He then said, "All that I have said about Moore is false. Moore did not do the murder. Many of the witnesses have sworn falsely. Many of them have sworn part of the truth, and two of them have not said one word of truth. I am an innocent man; I did not do the murder—no, I don't mean that—what I mean is——"

Here he suddenly paused, saying, "I will not say any more now, but I'll tell you another time."

The governor, finding the culprit prepared to reveal all the knowledge he possessed of the murder, very cautiously and prudently remarked:

"Let me entreat you to dismiss from your mind all that the witnesses have said, whether true or false, and think only of this—whether you yourself have told the truth."

The convict thereupon hung down his head, and, appearing to be deep in thought, was left to his meditations.

At six o'clock on Tuesday evening he was removed from the condemned cell, and placed in an apartment over the porter's lodge, immediately contiguous to the place selected for the execution. At a quarter to ten o'clock, he intimated his wish to resume his statement, when he said to the chaplain and the governor, "It was me that did the murder. There was nobody else with me. All I said about Moore was false. When I got to the Rectory the door was locked. I knocked. Mrs. Steggles came to the door. I knocked her down when she reached the kitchen. I struck her with my fist. She fell. When down, she cried out violently. I then took a small case-knife belonging to my folks. My little brother called it his. I cut her throat with it, I think, in two places—at least, I cut twice. I then knocked her on the head with my boots, or high-lows, the same that were produced at the Assizes. I kicked her seven or eight times. I knew she was not quite dead when I left her and went upstairs. I took the pistol out of the rector's bedroom, and hid it in the Mill Mount, and the coin taken from the same box as the purse I hid in the lane leading from the road going up to Mr. Pulham's house. I went upstairs with the intention of plundering the house. I took the purse and its contents, three sovereigns and a sixpence, found in the box—the same box that held the purse. I took also a little gold brooch, I believe from the same box, but I will not be sure. I left it on the outside of the window at the back part of my father's house. When I ran downstairs, after being up about ten minutes, I went to the kitchen and looked at the deceased. She was lying on her back. I did not see her move, but found she was breathing. I then kicked her two or three times more on the head. Immediately after I left the house. Returning by Mrs. Ford's fields, in the second field I washed my shoes, which were a little bloody, in the ditch. I kept the footpath, except going on to the Mount, all the way, until I got to Mr. Salmon's meadow, which I crossed, and I left the coin by the brow of the ditch in the lane, as I stated before, under a tuft of grass. From thence I went home. I went and got my mother a pail of water. My mother and my brother John asked me to go up to Mrs. Francis's. I went. I returned home, and stopped until I had my dinner. I say most positively no one had any hand in

it but myself. I had some thoughts of doing the deed some time, even a fortnight before. I several times dreamed about doing it, and once that I had done it, and I was not found out. I went to the house with the full intention of murdering Mrs. Steggles, and to get what money I could find. I had been in the house before on a Sunday—either a fortnight or three weeks before, intending to do it; but could not. I did not see any person about to prevent my doing it. I do not know that I had any spite against Mrs. Steggles, but there always appeared something on my mind until I had done it. None of my family knew of my having committed the murder. They did not know that I had any more money than usual."

After thus unburdening his conscience, the convict appeared tranquil, and the chaplain, having terminated his ministrations, Flack was left in charge of two turnkeys for the night. He slept well and soundly throughout.

He awoke again about five; the chaplain was by his side at six. At seven he partook of breakfast, consisting of coffee and bread-and-butter and ham, but ate with very little appetite. At eight o'clock the culprit resigned himself to Calcraft, going through the process of pinioning unmoved, though he looked very pale. Attended by the chaplain, reading the appointed service, the culprit approached the drop. He walked up the flight of steps without support, and maintained the greatest possible firmness throughout. Just as the chaplain was about to read a psalm, Flack, with the rope round his neck, said, "Oh, Mr. Daniel, I want to speak to you!" Upon the chaplain approaching to hear what he had to say, he remarked, "I want to bid you all good-bye." He then murmured a prayer, when the bolt was drawn, and, after a slight convulsion, the wretched youth ceased to exist.

A great number of people were assembled in the street, and their conduct was remarkably circumspect throughout. At nine o'clock the body was taken down, and in the course of the day was buried in the precincts of the gaol, agreeably to the terms of the sentence.

Duel on Bicycles.

QUITE a novelty in the duelling line was seen lately in Paris. Two young men were fast friends until they met a fascinating girl, of whom they both became enamoured. Each paid assiduous court to this fair charmer, who at length pronounced in favour of one. Then the pique began. There was a violent quarrel, and one day when the discarded suitor, who was seated in front of a café, beheld his hated rival passing on a bicycle he commandeered the machine of another customer and started in hot pursuit. He caught him up at last and shouting, "I am going to give you your deserts!" he pulled out a revolver and fired. The bullet damaged the handle-bar of the bicycle, and also grazed the arm of its rider, who, producing a revolver in his turn, emptied two chambers in the direction of his assailant, but without doing any injury. The two men were preparing to continue this queer engagement when the police appeared on the scene and arrested them.

Bones as Curios.

THE sale of human bones is not by any means an original idea. Some very notable remains have before now been secured by the curious for their collections.

One of the most famous (or infamous) instances occurred in the year 1790, and the corpse so outrageously treated was that of a great and noble English poet, the inspired author of "Paradise Lost." John Milton was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. In August, 1790, the spot where his body had been deposited was for some reason opened. A leaden coffin found there was cut open, and the body of the poet in its shroud taken out.

The overseers of the parish extracted the teeth, cut off the hair, which was six inches long, and left the scattered remains to the gravediggers, who exhibited them for money to the public. The poet Cowper made this ghoulish transaction the subject of a poem, in which the following verse appears:—

"Ill fare the hand that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp his bones
And steal his dust away."

The desecration of the grave and the sale of the bones of the dead were at one time frequently resorted to to supply the market with the bones of martyrs and saints, for which there used to be a great demand. At the present time fragments are occasionally secured at a cremation. But that, of course, is done by friends of the deceased. Some years ago a gentleman was walking about London wearing a piece of the bone of his dead friend as an ornament for his watch chain. Quite recently a book, of which the binding was made of the skin of a guillotined French assassin, was advertised in an auctioneer's list.

Poisons;

THE MYSTERIOUS DRUGS which silently deal death, now popularly described for the first time . . .

OXALIC ACID.

IN the days when witchcraft was a power in the land, and when it was believed that an evil glance from one of those who were initiated into the mysteries of the Black Art was enough to remove one's greatest enemy from the face of the earth, salts of sorrel were well known. The nature of the poison appealed strongly to the superstitious characters of our ancestors, who considered that the little plant, from which the herbalists of byegone days used to prepare the salts, was influenced and protected by the moon, and that when the sun, the emblem of heat, was in the ascendancy the salts were powerless. Whether the alchemists and astrologers actually believed this, we do not know, but certain it is that they made use of the fact that salts of sorrel are destroyed by heat, to impress the virtues of the compound on the minds of their dupes. Modern science knows the salts of sorrel as potassium oxalate from which the potent poison oxalic acid can be prepared.

Oxalic acid is usually seen in the form of long, white crystals, which are sometimes mistaken for crystals of Epsom salts. It has an acrid, burning taste, very nauseous and repulsive. It is readily soluble in water, forming a colourless mixture.

The symptoms of poisoning with this substance are as follows: During the act of swallowing, a hot, burning taste is experienced. This burning gradually extends to the stomach. Sometimes there is a sense of constriction of the throat, which may lead to a feeling of suffocation. In a few minutes a violent attack of vomiting sets in, and continues for a considerable time. There is great pain in the stomach, and the body of the sufferer is sometimes doubled up, misleading the spectators, who fancy that corrosive sublimate or strychnine has been taken. The face becomes livid and the skin is cold and clammy. In cases of poisoning by strychnine, the face does not change its colour, while where corrosive sublimate has been taken vomiting is the exception. These points serve to distinguish between the various poisons, and as the treatment employed for each differs, it is important for our readers to be able to recognise these popular poisons at once. After the patient has vomited once or twice, the matter ejected changes its nature. It becomes blackish green in colour, and appears to consist almost entirely of mucus and altered blood. The patient's strength rapidly becomes weaker, and he finds it impossible to stand erect; meanwhile the burning pain in the stomach increases. Cold perspiration breaks out over his body, and in many cases there are convulsions. A kind of drowsy stupor comes over the victim, accompanied with a partial unconsciousness of surrounding objects, but no diminution of the pain. This is not a true unconsciousness, as with a little difficulty the sufferer can be roused and made to answer questions. The breathing becomes jerky, and the patient does not seem able to control his movements in any way. Sometimes the eyes are bloodshot, but that depends largely on the length of time that has elapsed since the fatal dose was taken.

Death does not usually take place very rapidly, although there are several cases on record where the action has been very marked in a short time. Notably a case which occurred at Coventry, in 1876, where an elderly man succumbed in ten minutes after taking half-an-ounce of oxalic acid, and a second case from the same town in which a young woman only survived a dose of oxalic acid for three minutes. On the other hand there are cases where death has not supervened till fourteen days after the poison was taken, although the distressing symptoms have continued for the whole period.

The violence of the action of oxalic acid is best seen at the post-mortem examination on a case of poisoning by that drug. Although the acid does not appear to have a corrosive action on the skin externally, on the mucous membrane it operates with dreadful force. The whole of the lining membrane of the stomach and throat look as if they had been boiled for a long time, or had been soaked in strong spirit. In a few rare instances perforation of the intestinal wall has taken place. It is not uncommon to find the entire mucous membrane stripped off the walls of the stomach, leaving the muscular coat exposed.

Although vomiting is one of the most prominent symp-

toms of poisoning with oxalic acid, the first thing to be done when a case is suspected is to give a strong dose of mustard and water to empty the contents of the stomach as soon as possible. By this simple precaution Police Constable White, of Wimbledon, saved a woman's life in June, 1902. The woman had taken a large dose of oxalic acid, and was found by the constable in the road about half an hour later, exhibiting all the symptoms of acute oxalic acid poisoning. He took her into the nearest house and administered a large quantity of mustard and water before taking her to the hospital. Much to the astonishment of the medical men who attended the case, the woman recovered in about eight days, but there is no doubt that unless the constable had been a man with great presence of mind, the wretched woman would have met the death she so earnestly desired.

After an emetic has been given, chalk or lime is the remedy. In an emergency the plaster scraped from the walls of the room will do fairly well if powdered up and mixed with water. Then when a good quantity of this has been swallowed, the white of an egg should be administered to soothe the burned tract. Of course, a medical man should be sent for as soon as possible, but the bystanders should not wait for his arrival, since there is more hope for cases of poisoning with this acid than there is with any other of the popular poisons.

The smallest quantity of oxalic acid that has been known to destroy life is one drachm. This was taken in the solid form by a school boy, aged 16, who wished to commit suicide as a revenge on his people for chastising him. He was found about an hour after he had taken the dose, and although everything was done for him that skill could suggest, he died in eight hours. Half-an-ounce of the acid is generally fatal, though there have been cases where prompt measures have saved the lives of people who have taken a much larger dose than that. In the case above referred to, the woman had swallowed an ounce of the dry acid.

The acid is readily detected in the body after death, and is therefore not in great favour with the poisoning fraternity. There have, however, been several criminal cases in which the harmless-looking powder has figured. Most of these are of a very sordid nature, and present no features of interest, but there is one case which has rather an interesting side to it. Unlike most acids, oxalic acid does not destroy the fabric of clothes on which it may have been dropped. In 1866 a woman named Morris was indicted at the Central Criminal Court for attempting to poison her little daughter, aged six. The child complained that her mother had held her down and forced her to drink some very nasty medicine, and in so doing had spilt some of it on her dress. A school inspector calling within a few moments of the administration of the medicine, found the little child very ill, and at once picked her up and carried her to the nearest doctor. The mite was treated, and then sent to a hospital, but it never occurred to the doctor to reserve any of the contents of the child's stomach. At the hospital the child told the nurse how her mother had tried to force her to drink the nasty medicine, and the nurse repeated this to one of the physicians. The latter communicated with the police, and the woman was arrested and charged with attempting to poison her daughter. At first it was feared that the case for the Treasury would break down, as there was nothing to prove that the medicine contained oxalic acid, but Dr. Taylor, who was consulted, pointed out to the authorities that oxalic acid will remain for months in the fabric of a dress, and can be detected there. They at once sent the eminent doctor the child's dress, and he recovered from it sufficient oxalic acid to prove the case. Mrs. Morris retired to the Female Convict Station for seven years.

As we have said, oxalic acid and its salts, like most organic acids, is totally destroyed by heat, and therefore poisoning by this drug would be largely increased should cremation ever become universal. It is one of the commonest means of suicide among the servant class, who fancy that it is a less painful death than that by corrosive sublimate. At present it is freely sold by druggists, and in view of the popularity that it enjoys with suicides, there should be more stringent regulations controlling its sale.

A LEARNED Irish judge, among other peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit, his favourite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that he had not passed sentence on one of the criminals, as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship, "I really beg his pardon! Bring him in!"

TICKET OF LEAVE MEN

THE advance towards humanity in the treatment of criminals has made enormous strides in the British Empire during the past fifty years, and to-day one can rest comparatively easy when reading the various sentences pronounced, knowing full well that the prisoner will at least be free from barbarous treatment such as they were subjected to in days gone by. In 1853 the Imperial Government introduced an Act which was the first step towards the abolition of transportation, and this was chiefly due to the fact that the Colonies, with the exception of Western Australia, which was a penal settlement, and South Australia, which did not bear this distinction, refusing to accept the dregs of England under any conditions whatever. Besides the one already mentioned, the only other penal settlements were in New South Wales and Tasmania, and to this day the stamp of the "lag" is distinctively noticeable in these colonies. In Sydney one seldom sees a ticket-of-leave man, as also in Tasmania, while in Fremantle, in West Australia, many are to be seen, doing their shopping and generally enjoying life. The subjects are all old men, who wear a uniform of white cotton trousers, with a blue jacket on which the broad arrow is firmly stamped. They are well housed and cared for, and conduct themselves in an exemplary manner. In many cases the unfortunate men have been sent out there for some trifling offence, which in England to-day would mean a fortnight or a month's hard labour at most. Some years ago, in the Fremantle home, a man lay dying. He had been transported some twenty years previously. During his ticket-of-leave he had made the acquaintance of a gentleman of good position, who was charitably disposed, and visited the convicts and often proved exceedingly kind to them. The old man referred to struck him very forcibly as being of delicate birth and certainly a scholar, so he naturally interested himself particularly on his behalf, and frequently visited him in his old age, taking some delicacies and fruit on every visit. With all this he could learn nothing of his past life. He neither said he was innocent or guilty. When he knew that his hours were numbered he sent for his benefactor and related this extraordinary story. He stated that he was a Roman Catholic priest in a centre in England, and was next-of-kin to an earldom. He had been convicted of a diabolical crime and sentenced to death, but this was afterward commuted to transportation for life. He pointed out that the crime was traced home to him so as to get rid of him, and thus allow the titles and estate to be left to a younger heir, who was a Protestant. The names and facts were all given to the gentleman in question, and he was sworn to secrecy. He firmly denied his guilt on his deathbed. Just as he was breathing his last, he said, "Undo my tunic," which was done. "Place your hand under my shirt, and you will find a cross. Hand it to me." The orders were obeyed in solemn silence. He lifted it to his lips and swore as to his innocence, almost with his last breath. Recovering himself, he struggled for speech; at last it came. "This has been on my breast since childhood, a present from my mother, and to your sacred keeping I hand it. May God reward you for your kindness!" and he fell back dead. This emblem has been valued for its diamonds alone at £12,000

But what do we find to-day? Many of the gentlemen released preferring their cell and food in comfort to leading a straightforward life. In the sixties, Sir Walter Crofton, in dealing with ticket-of-leave men in Ireland, so won the confidence of the people by his unfailing revocation of licences whose holders failed to comply with the conditions, that the inquiry was so great for the well-intentioned ones that the prisons could not supply the demand. But then in those days the comforts were not so great. Now we find that the majority of those released spend a week or two in comparative luxury, and again revert to their nefarious tricks of violence, theft, burglary, etc. Certainly a few of the better-intentioned ones, who may have fallen through unforeseen circumstances, succeed in bracing themselves together, but these are in a very small minority. To place a man of good education and birth alongside of an "old stager" in a prison yard can scarcely but lead one to believe that it will have a demoralising effect, and that evil will result from society of this kind. Day by day, never mind how good his intentions may be to reform, the association with hardened criminals is sufficient to cause a sense of deterioration and self-respect with the outside world, and by degrees the foolish become part and parcel with their comrades. Surely, some distinction should be made in such cases, and separate prisons provided for the new or youthful offender, instead of herding the hardest scoundrels together with them! Crime is a disease, as cancer, and will grow with equal rapidity unless the evil is removed.

DANIEL GOOD..

Murderer & Mutilator..

"A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, a Daniel!"
—"Merchant of Venice," Act iv. Sc. I.

A MURDER came to light at a villa on Putney Heath in April, 1842, which rivalled the Green-acre murder in circumstances of atrocity. The mode of the discovery was singular. At Roehampton was situated Granard Lodge, the residence of a Mr. Quelaz Shiell, an East-Indian merchant. Mr. Shiell's coachman, Daniel Good, a middle-aged Irishman, who had discarded his baptismal name—O'Sullivan—called, in a chaise, at eight o'clock on the evening of the 6th of the month at the shop of Mr. Collingbourn, a pawnbroker, in Wandsworth, and bought a pair of black knee-breeches, which he took on credit. The shop-boy saw him at the same time put a pair of trousers under his coat-skirt, and place them with the breeches in the chaise. Mr. Collingbourn followed him out, and charged him with the theft; but he denied it, and hurriedly drove off. The pawnbroker sent a policeman after the thief, and with the officer went the shop-boy and Robert Speed, a neighbour.

Good lived at the stables about a quarter of a mile from Mr. Shiell's house, and when the boy rang the bell—Gardner, the policeman, keeping in the background—Good himself came to the door. Gardner then approached, and told him that he was to arrest him for the theft of the trousers. Good coolly replied that he brought away a pair of black breeches, and he offered to pay for them, but the policeman stuck to his instructions, and insisted on searching the chaise. Good offered no objection, and the chaise, the coach-house, and one of the stables were searched, to no purpose. Gardner then approached another stable, when Good at once put his back to the door, and refused to let him enter. Their altercation drew to the spot a Mr. Oughton, Mr. Shiell's bailiff, who insisted that Gardner should enter the stable, and they all entered. Speed and the shop-boy stood near Good, while Gardner searched. When he came to some corn-bins the coachman exhibited great uneasiness, and urgently desired to go to Wandsworth to settle the matter with Mr. Collingbourn. Gardner then went to a stall which seemed to be filled with trusses of hay. He removed two trusses, and in some hay beneath he discovered what he supposed to be a dead goose. He exclaimed, "My God! what's this?" and at the same moment, before he could be prevented, Good rushed from the stable, shut the door after him, and locked it. The party tried to burst it open, but could not, and then they returned to examine what Gardner found in the hay. It proved to be the trunk of a woman's body, shorn of its head and limbs, and ripped open in front, with the internal parts removed. Renewed and successful efforts were made to open the stable door, and the shop-boy was sent for the police in the neighbourhood, to raise a hue and cry. The fugitive was tracked by his footsteps half-way across the fields towards Putney; but he had escaped. The surgeon's assistant came and examined the body, the flesh of which had been carefully separated with a sharp instrument, while the bones had been broken or sawed through. The surgeon thought that the female had been about four or five-and-twenty, and that she had never been a mother.

While the party were engaged in this examination their attention was drawn to an overpowering stench which proceeded from the harness-room. They entered, and in the fireplace they found a pile of wood, amid which there were wood ashes and the burnt remains of human bones of the head and limbs. A large axe was afterwards found in the room and a saw, both covered with blood. Good had been seen on the previous evening with a young woman at a public-house in Roehampton. It was said that they seemed to be "courting." He tried to take a wedding-ring off the woman's finger, but she told him that he should not have it except with her life. He reproached her with having lost a brooch that he had given her; but they left the place apparently in a friendly mood. In Good's house was found a little boy, his son, who had lived for two years with a woman whom Good called his sister, at No. 18, South Street, Manchester Square. It appears that Good went to the house, and he left it in the evening in a cab, telling the man to drive as fast as possible to the Birmingham railway. He was so ghastly pale that the cabman asked him if he was ill, and Good replied that he had been out all night drinking with some friends. An inquest on the remains of the body discovered in the stable was held, and terminated on the 13th of April, when the following material facts were elicited:—Good had been in Mr. Sheill's service about two years, but he had not borne a very good character, and it was remarked that he had various engagements with women at different times. He rented a kitchen in South Street, Manchester Square, where lived a woman who, when brought to the house, was called Jane Jones, but afterwards it was said that they were married, and she was called Mrs. Good. She appeared to be about forty years of age and reserved in her habits. With her lived a boy, said to be Good's son by a former wife. The man visited her occasionally. On Sunday, the 3rd of the month, she left the house. Good told the landlady about a fortnight previously that she would probably leave the lodging in about a fortnight to go to a place four miles from Roehampton. On the Sunday she expressed to a neighbour much fear at going to Roehampton, as she did not know what Good meant or what he was "up to," and she was ordered not to take the boy with her. On Monday, the 4th, Good himself returned for the boy, and took away his wife's bed-things and mangle to sell, as, he said, she had gone to a place. Good was seen by Mr. Layton, a confectioner at Putney, at a quarter-past four o'clock on Sunday afternoon on the Barnes Road with a woman dressed as Mrs. Good is described to have been, and he introduced her to Mr. Layton as his sister. They were afterwards seen by a policeman going from Barnes to Putney Park Lane, when they were talking loud and angrily. And a postman saw Good and a young woman, who appeared very wretched, in Putney Park Lane on Sunday evening.

Daniel Good.

Good said to him as he passed, "Don't say anything!"

Good had been courting Lydia Susannah Butcher, the daughter of a shipwright at Woolwich. She denied all criminal acquaintance with him, but admitted that once, when kept out late by Good, she slept in the harness-room at Granard Lodge, of which Good kept the key, with entire control over it. She expected to be married to him in about a fortnight, for he had told her that the banns had been put up; but she did not know where. On Wednesday, the 6th of April, he went over to Woolwich, and gave Butcher a bonnet and shawl and some other things. He had promised them to her before, and said that they belonged to his wife, who had died five years previously of consumption. He promised to bring her some more in a few days. The things which he gave her were identified by the landlady and others as the clothes which Mrs. Good wore when she left South Street on the Sunday. Good often had large fires in the harness-room to dry the harness, and on Tuesday, the 5th of the month, there was such a fire, and John Oughton, second gardener to Mr. Shiell, observed a very offensive smell. He asked Good if he had been singeing the horses. Good said he had drunk too much the night before, and that he had been taking some toasted cheese, which always set

him right. Such are the main facts as they were presented to the coroner, and a verdict of "wilful murder" was returned against Daniel Good.

After eluding pursuit for nearly a fortnight, he was discovered working as a bricklayer's labourer at Tonbridge. He arrived there on the 10th of April in a fish van, and slept for the night in a public-house. He described himself as a bricklayer's labourer, and early next morning he applied for work to the foreman of Mr. Henry Barrett, who was building some cottages near the South Eastern Railway. He gave his name as Connor, and, in answer to some questions which were put to him, he said that he had been a bricklayer's labourer for eighteen years, and had been working on the South Eastern Railway for fourteen days. He was accepted, and found to be a good workman. He avoided communication with his fellow-workmen, and returned abrupt answers to any questions that were put to him. On one occasion he addressed one of the men in Irish, but he was not understood. On obtaining work Good took a lodging in the house

GOOD RUSHED FROM THE STABLE.

of a Mrs. Hargreave. He told her that he had been a hawker and a dealer in hare and rabbit skins, but had left off the business because the person with whom he used to deal had become insolvent. Mrs. Hargreave noticed while he was with her many peculiarities in his conduct, such as being restless and moaning during the night, and when anyone knocked at the door he showed great anxiety and curiosity to know who it was. On the 16th he was recognised by Thomas Rose, who had formerly been a policeman in Wandsworth. Rose said that he had formerly seen Good, and had often asked him for a light when in the stables at Putney Park Lane. This man gave information to the police, and the fugitive was seized and carried before the magistrates.

While denying his identity to them, Good took out a comb, and with it turned back the hair from his forehead, as if for the purpose of hiding a bald place on his head. This had been mentioned in the police description to be a habit with him. When confronted with Rose he seemed agitated. He declined to make any statement, and was conveyed to Maidstone Gaol. In a bundle which he brought with him to Tonbridge were found the clothes which he was described to have worn when he escaped, and under his jacket, as if to save the shoulder from the pressure of the hod, was found a piece of a woman's calico apron, stained with blood. Good was removed from Maidstone Gaol to Bow Street police station, where he was brought before Mr. Hall, the then presiding magistrate. Lydia Susannah Butcher made her deposition with an expression of violent grief. On the first day of the magisterial inquiry Good closely watched the evidence, but declined to examine the witnesses, and he did not evince much agitation, except once, when he heard the voice of Mary Good, his reputed wife in Spitalfields, who had been taken into custody. He then turned very pale. When the boy was brought forward as a witness against him, he sat down and wept grievously, and when the child, an intelligent little fellow of ten, was led out of court, Good asked and obtained the magistrate's permission to shake hands with him.

At his trial for the murder in the Central Criminal Court the place was crowded, several women, even young ladies, were among the auditory, and there was an unusual congregation of barristers. On the bench were the celebrated Lord Denman, Mr. Baron Alderson, Mr. Justice Coltman, and the Recorder, and by their side was the Duke of Manchester, the Chevalier Bunsen, and other distinguished people. With Good, Molly, his reputed wife, was placed at the bar, which both the prisoners approached with a firm step, and both pleaded "Not Guilty." Molly Good was removed, and the trial of Daniel proceeded. It was conducted by the Attorney-General, whose statement, with the evidence which followed, added little interest to the facts already known. Lydia Susannah Butcher now appeared to admit that her intercourse with Good had been more familiar than she formerly confessed. Thomas Sales, the waiter at a public-house at which Good called after the murder with Mary Good, overheard him say, that she "would not be troubled with that ——— any more." The son was brought into court, but he was not examined, probably from a spirit of forbearance.

Mr. Deane, for the defence, reminded the jury that the case against the prisoner rested entirely upon circumstantial evidence, and that there was no proof that the

woman had not destroyed herself. The Chief Justice, in summing up, likewise reminded the jury of the necessity of caution in judging of circumstantial evidence. That the deceased met with her death by violence appeared to be clearly proved by the medical witnesses, who declared their opinion that death was occasioned by the severing of the windpipe, the carotid artery, and the jugular vein, and that the body was instantly drained of blood. If she had destroyed herself, it was most improbable that a man with whom she had been living on intimate and friendly terms, instead of calling assistance, would proceed at once to dismember the body. It was to be expected that the jury would come to a speedy and inevitable decision, and they, after a brief deliberation, brought in a verdict of "Guilty." Lord Denman, in passing sentence, used the most scathing language, such perhaps as had never previously been heard within the walls of the Old Bailey, ending with the remark that "his case would bear the aggravation that he would leave the world regretted and pitied by no one." Good then burst into an asseverance of innocence, declaring to the judge and Almighty God, that he had not killed the woman—that Susan Butcher was the cause of it all, and that Jones had destroyed herself—she cut her throat while he had left her alone in the stable. He afterwards saw a man of whom he occasionally bought matches, told him, and asked him what he should do and the man said that the body should be concealed. Good, as he alleged, gave him the axe and the knife found in the harness-room, and, while he was away, the man cut off the head and limbs; then he told Good that he must have a fire to burn the body. Good gave him a sovereign. He took away some of the burnt bones, and was to have come back the next day for the trunk, but he failed to do so. Good took off the dead woman's wedding-ring, which had belonged to his wife—for she was not his wife—and he gave it, with a shawl, to Susan Butcher, telling her of the event, at which she expressed her satisfaction. Good finished his story by saying, "Good-night all, ladies and gentlemen. I have a great deal more to say, but I am so bad I cannot say it." Good was removed from the dock, just as the announcement of the verdict was greeted by the crowd outside the prison with tumultuous cheers.

For a period the conduct of Good in the condemned cell was one of extreme levity. He laughed consumedly at what he considered his acuteness in locking the policeman in the stable, and, in all respects, he seemed, for a time, to utterly ignore the terrible position in which he stood. For a man in his condition of life the fact was disclosed that he had a considerable linguistic knowledge, gathered by a residence for some time on the Continent. But this airiness of manner suddenly subsided, and a great change took place in his demeanour. The monstrous criminal became depressed, but he still maintained a calmness that could scarcely be expected in one guilty of the enormous crime of which he had been convicted. Asked what could have induced him to commit the mutilation, Good replied, "Suppose I had gone and told anyone that there was a dead woman in my master's stable, wouldn't they have thought that I had murdered her? For fear of that I made up my mind to get rid of the body the best way I could."

The execution of the wretched man took place on the 23rd May, in the presence of an immense concourse of persons of both sexes, rich and poor, old and young, the profligate, the hardened, and the merely curious sightseers being mingled together in one heterogeneous mass. The crowd was greater than any that had assembled since the execution of Courvoisier. At three o'clock in the morning the carpenters of the prison commenced the erection of the drop, which was completed between five and six, at which latter hour the whole of the area, extending from the gates at the Central Criminal Court to the end of Newgate Street, was occupied by the populace, and some of the turnkeys of the prison remarked that they had never before at such an early hour seen so large a crowd assembled to witness an execution. The culprit seemed to be suffering the greatest mental anguish at the near prospect of death. The tears streamed from his eyes. He clasped his hands and rocked himself from side to side, exclaiming, "The Lord be with you all! The Lord have mercy on me!" He seemed to cling at everything and everybody. A tumbler containing about one-third of port-wine was brought to him, which he drank, and Calcraft tied his wrists together with a cord and pinioned his arms, to which he submitted with little apparent emotion. His neckcloth was then removed, and the executioner was about to thrust it in the culprit's breast, but he objected, saying, in a quick and unembarrassed tone of voice, "Here, I'll take it with me!" The executioner said, "No, you had better not take it with you," and placed it on one side.

The mournful procession then moved through the several passages and apartments leading from the condemned cell to the drop, the convict walking with great firmness, and in a hurried manner shaking hands with several of the gaolers who happened to be present. On mounting the scaffold, however, Good looked more dead than alive, and quailed before the execrations of the populace. While the rope was being adjusted his nether jaw actually fell as that of a dead man, but when the cap was being drawn over his face he with an effort closed his mouth. The signal was then given that all was ready, the executioner stepped down and pulled the lever, the floor fell from underneath the culprit's feet, and the next minute he had ceased to exist. He struggled very little, and appeared to die almost immediately. The only motion observed was about the hands, which, the instant he fell, he raised up in the attitude of prayer, as far as the pinioning-rope would allow them to go. It was remarked that on Saturday and Sunday morning the convict appeared much more anxious about his dress and the appearance he should make in the chapel at the "condemned sermon" than about the awful fate which awaited him. He was dressed in a long, dark frock-coat, with black trousers and vest, and white neckcloth, and his appearance was much that of a person of his calling at the time of the murder—namely, that of a gentleman's servant.

The unhappy victim of the barbarity of the man Good was a young Welsh girl, hailing from Meifod, in North Wales, the daughter of respectable parents in a humble position of life, concerning whom there were local demonstrations of extreme sympathy.

THE MOST GHASTLY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

A Banjo made of a Human Skull and Leg Bones!!!

It is a well-known fact that through dire necessity the American Indians have developed a remarkable amount of skill. The old stories of how they made pottery and earthenware by the aid of only the most crude instruments and of their methods of burning and carving out the insides of the trunks of trees to make canoes are universally known. But these are only a few of their minor achievements, for when we take into consideration the beauty with which they ornamented their moccasins and blankets we begin to realise their skill.

That they were a barbarous, uncivilised race cannot be evaded, as is shown by their manufacture and use of the skull banjo.

In the time of the early settlers in America their acts of cruelty were without precedent.

It is known that in the small country of Paraguay, in the east central part of South America, the Indians who inhabited that place were more than ordinarily cruel. They were constantly engaged in warfare, and their primary aim when thus engaged was to capture the opposing chief. When taken, the victim was carried to their camp and there cruelly murdered, and it was from his body that this awe-inspiring musical instrument was made.

The instrument is made as follows: The body is decapitated and the skull is then thoroughly dried. The one who is to perform the feat of making the instrument then cuts the top entirely off. Over the opening thus made a piece of skin taken from the body and also thoroughly dried is tightly stretched in the manner of a drum. From the back of the skull the two femors, or the two bones of the leg which extend from the knee to the hip, project. These bones have been so trimmed that they are of uniform thickness throughout their entire length. The upper ends of these bones are joined together with one of the ribs, also taken from the body.

Then, from the forehead of the skull to the rib which connects the two femors, a number of strings are tightly stretched. These strings are likewise made from the skin of the victim, having been thoroughly dried, stretched, and rubbed with rosin. They are stretched with such deftness that each one gives forth notes in a different key. The instrument is played in a similar manner to our mandolin; that is, the strings are made to give forth their notes by the aid of a pick, which is made from one of the smaller bones of the victim.

But this even is not the full extent of the gruesomeness of this instrument, for the skull is left so that the jaws are movable. Therefore, with each shake of the instrument, the jaws wag, and, with a sharp jolt of the instrument, the teeth come together with a snap.

So rare a curiosity was this considered that a gentleman of England paid £25 sterling, or about $120, for one.

Criminal Problems

PREMATURE MARRIAGE.

ALL who have any experience of the poorer classes of mankind will readily admit that premature marriage is one of the chief causes of misery and crime. That young people should be taught to regard marriage at twenty-one as quite within the bounds of possibility, and at the same time be encouraged to cultivate habits of thrift and industry as a preparation for that event is well and good, but at that age, though the marriage may be "early" it is not premature.

A glance at the reports of the Registrar General show that the average number of youths that are wedded before they reach man's estate is 43 per 1,000, while 135 women enter the married state before they reach twenty-one. Again in different districts the rates vary greatly. Throughout the agricultural counties many more are joined together while legal infants than in the industrial centres. This is natural, for employment is more steady and expenses are not so heavy. In the great towns the alarmingly rapid increase of juvenile immorality has also much to do with the lower proportion of premature weddings.

What are the results of these child marriages? In a large number of cases the parties tire of one another. Some childish quarrel brings about a separation, or the husband deserts his young wife and family. This leads to adultery on both sides, and usually to prosecution. The first season of hardship or of want of employment serves to dispel all thoughts of love which the pair thought would last all their lives. Unhappy at home, man and wife take to drink, and from the public-house emanate misery, sorrow, and crime.

Unfortunately, the law gives no power to the clergy to prevent imprudent marriages, provided the consent of the parents is obtained, and among the poorest of the poor such consent is never withheld. That is but natural, for on both sides the union of Jock and Jenny means one mouth less for the parents to feed. Much domestic misery, virtual, if not actual infanticide, and no small number of assaults on wives would be prevented if a certain discretion was allowed to pastors and registrars to delay improvident unions which their vast experience tells them can but result in wretchedness and vice.

More than this, while the clergy are working nobly in attempting to fight against drink, rightly recognising that the flowing bowl is responsible for many crimes, why do they not fight equally vigorously against premature marriages? This is a branch of social elevation in which the Church could do yeoman's service, but which, unfortunately, she neglects. Boys and girls rush to the altar without really knowing anything about the sanctity of the marriage state, and without receiving any sound advice as to their future conduct, or of the provisions which the most ordinary prudence demands should be made before taking such a momentous step. Here there is room for much useful labour.

The Rev. Horsley once made the pertinent suggestion that in every large parish a curate should be detailed to visit each couple who proposed to be united, and to find out whether they were really fit to be married. Again the "Marriage Parson" was to question the parents and discover whether they really gave their consent to their children's union and whether that consent was given solely to cover the effects of immorality. Were this done, he says that the number of prisoners committed to gaol for infanticide, wife beating, and desertion would be sensibly diminished.

While on the subject, we are bound to advert to one of the chief evils springing from these imprudent marriages. No class is more difficult to deal with, or is a greater thorn in the side of the criminal legislator, than the "ladies of pleasure," and it may be safely said that one half of these poor unfortunates are led to their ruin, are forced to ply their dreadful trade, as a result of an imprudent marriage. When evil days fall on the husband, when deserted by the bread-winner, is it to be wondered at that the mother will do anything for bread?

The remedy lies in the hands of the people themselves. If those who are responsible for bringing sons and daughters into the world realised their grave duties and exercised more care over the moral training of their children, less would be heard about the shocking immorality of the present-day youth, fewer premature marriages would take place, and our streets would not nightly be disfigured by bands of wretched women whose beauty or affection has been their downfall. If the masses took the matter up, there should be no difficulty in passing a law rigorously insisting that no one should marry until he or she has attained the full legal age. This would benefit the country both physically and morally.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

Prison Lectures.

THE practice of lecturing to the convicts at Dartmoor Prison once started is sure to spread. The lecture bureaux will be getting the smartest men in the profession to talk on "Cribs I have Cracked."

In American prisons concerts are given to the prisoners. Appropriately enough, the scheme originated at Sing-Sing Penitentiary, near New York.

Yankee's Forensic Eloquence.

THE following powerful, elegant, and classical appeal was made in a Court of Justice somewhere in Kentucky by one of the learned heads of the bar: "Gentlemen of the Jury, do you think my client, who lives in the pleasant Valley of Kentucky, where the land is rich and the soil are fertile, would be guilty of stealing eleving little skains of cotting? I think not; I reckon not; I calculate not. And I guess, Gentlemen of the Jury, that you had better bring my client in not guilty; for if you convict him, he and his son John will lick the whole of you!"

The Ruling Passion.

INTERESTING to students of all-round human nature is a little episode which lately happened at the grimmest gaol in the London district. In the prison infirmary was a man who had served many successive terms for theft, and was now wasted away and at the point of death from consumption. How he lingered on was a puzzle to the doctor who, with his stethoscope, leant over him for a last time. As he did so he saw a tremulous shadow of a hand raised to his waistcoat pocket, and his watch abstracted and put under the dying man's pillow. It was his last effort; a smile of triumph passed over his face, and he was dead.

A Russian Secret Court.

THE Slovo i delo was a sort of secret Chancery, established in Russia in 1670, by which any person accusing another, by pronouncing the words of Slovo i delo, was compelled to receive three times the knout, and if after that he still persisted in his accusation, the accused was condemned to suffer death by the same punishment; by means of which every cruel and revengeful man, capable of bearing pain, might cause the death of another, and it was about to occasion the death of a brave and honest Swedish officer in the service of Peter the Great. His servant, irritated against him, upon some account or other, accused him, by the Slovo i delo, of conspiring against the life of Peter the Great, and having twice suffered the knout without retracting the accusation, his master was just going to be delivered into the hands of the executioner, when Peter, reflecting on the excellent character this officer had borne, his irreproachable conduct, and the possibility of his innocence, resolved upon endeavouring to save his life, and, in concert with a priest, succeeded in drawing the truth from the informer, who confessed his guilt, acknowledged the innocence of his master, and, as a punishment for his crime, was broken alive on the wheel.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

MARY C.—No, don't.

ANXIOUS.—Take our advice, leave it alone.

ELIZA.—No, we do not make a speciality of divorce matters.

JUDGE LYNCH.—Might be useful at times, but opposed to British ideas.

S. W.—Sorry we cannot accept, we do not deal in fiction; ours are all facts.

DUBIOUS.—Could not touch it. Try a religious paper—preferably Ritualistic.

BRILLIANT.—Your dates are wrong. The murder was in 1882, the execution in 1884.

H. K. V.—The murder took place in 1881. We have already prepared an account of it.

FRED.—1. The matter will be dealt with in a later number. 2. Already published, see No. 4.

J. R. S.—Gabrielle Bompard was not executed. She is alive, and will be released (D.V.) next year.

QUERY.—Are not you confounding Thomas Wainwright, brother of the murderer of Harriet Lane, and Thomas Wainewright, the poisoner?

JUJUBE.—Certainly. Send in the story, and if you can provide satisfactory proof that your special information is correct, we will consider it.

JINGO.—This is hardly a subject that interests us, but we will answer it. Jumbo was shipped by the "Assyrian Monarch" at Millwall Docks on March 26, 1882.

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